



JOKER: LAST LAUGH

no. 1
DEC 2001

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AUTHORITY



SECRET FILES & ORIGIN

STRAIGHT LINES

- » **LAUGHING ON THE "INSIDE"**
What Happened
THE DAY THE
CLOWN CRIED?

PRACTICAL JOKE

- » **DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME!**
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(Don't try the real!)

FUNNY FACES

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PUNCHLINES

- » **THE WORM RE-TURNS!**
How Does
MR. MIND
Wind Up on The Slab?

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JOKER: LAST LAUGH

SECRET
FILES
ORIGINS



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--BUY THIS
BOOK OR I'LL
KILL THIS FAN!

CONTENTS

All interior color by Tom McCraw.

Interior separations by Digital Chameleon.

Cover color by Tatjana Wood and separations by Heroic Age.

Pg. 3 A CLOWN AT MIDNIGHT

Scott Beatty and Chuck Dixon: Writers
Pete Woods: Pencils
Cameron Stewart: Inks
Kurt Hathaway: Letters
Matt Idelson: Editor

Pg. 35 TOUCHED

Dan Curtis Johnson & J.H. Williams III: Plot
Dan Curtis Johnson: Script
J.H. Williams III: Pencils
Mick Gray: Inks
Comicraft: Letters

Pg. 47 THE JOKER'S HARD SELL

Scott Beatty: Script
Leonard Kirk: Pencils
Al Williamson: Inks
Kurt Hathaway: Letters

Pg. 51 WORM FOOD

Jerry Ordway: Script
Pete Krause: Pencils
Dick Giordano: Inks
Johri Costanza: Letters

Pg. 58 JOKER FUN FACTS

Jai Nitz: Script
Amanda Conner: Pencils
Jimmy Palmiotti: Inks
Kurt Hathaway: Letters

Pg. 64 JOKER'S PERSONAL EFFECTS

Scott Beatty: Text

PROFILE PAGES

Pg. 33 SHILO NORMAN AND DINA BELL

Scott Beatty: Text
Ron Randall: Pencils
Al Williamson: Inks

Pg. 45 BLACK MASS

Scott Beatty: Text
Javier Saltares: Pencils
Keith Champagne: Inks

Pg. 49 MULTI-MAN

Scott Beatty: Text
Peter Doherty: Art

Pg. 55 LEATHER

Chuck Dixon: Text
Damian Scott: Pencils
Robert Campanella: Inks

Pg. 60 MEATHEAD

Chuck Dixon: Text
Staz Johnson: Pencils
Dan Davis: Inks

Pg. 61 CARNIVORA

Chuck Dixon: Text
Marcos Martin: Art

Pg. 63 RANCOR

Chuck Dixon: Text
Todd Nauck: Pencils
Robin Riggs: Inks

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♪ LIFE IS
LIKE A MOUNTAIN
RAILROAD... ♪

**BEYOND THIS
POINT**
NO BOATING
NO FISHING
PICK UP SWIMMERS
AT OWN RISK

♪ WITH THE
ENGINEER THAT'S
BRAVE. ♪

SHUT
UP!

♪ WE MUST MAKE
THIS RUN SUCCESSFUL
FROM THE CRADLE
TO THE GRAVE... ♪

STOP
SINGING!

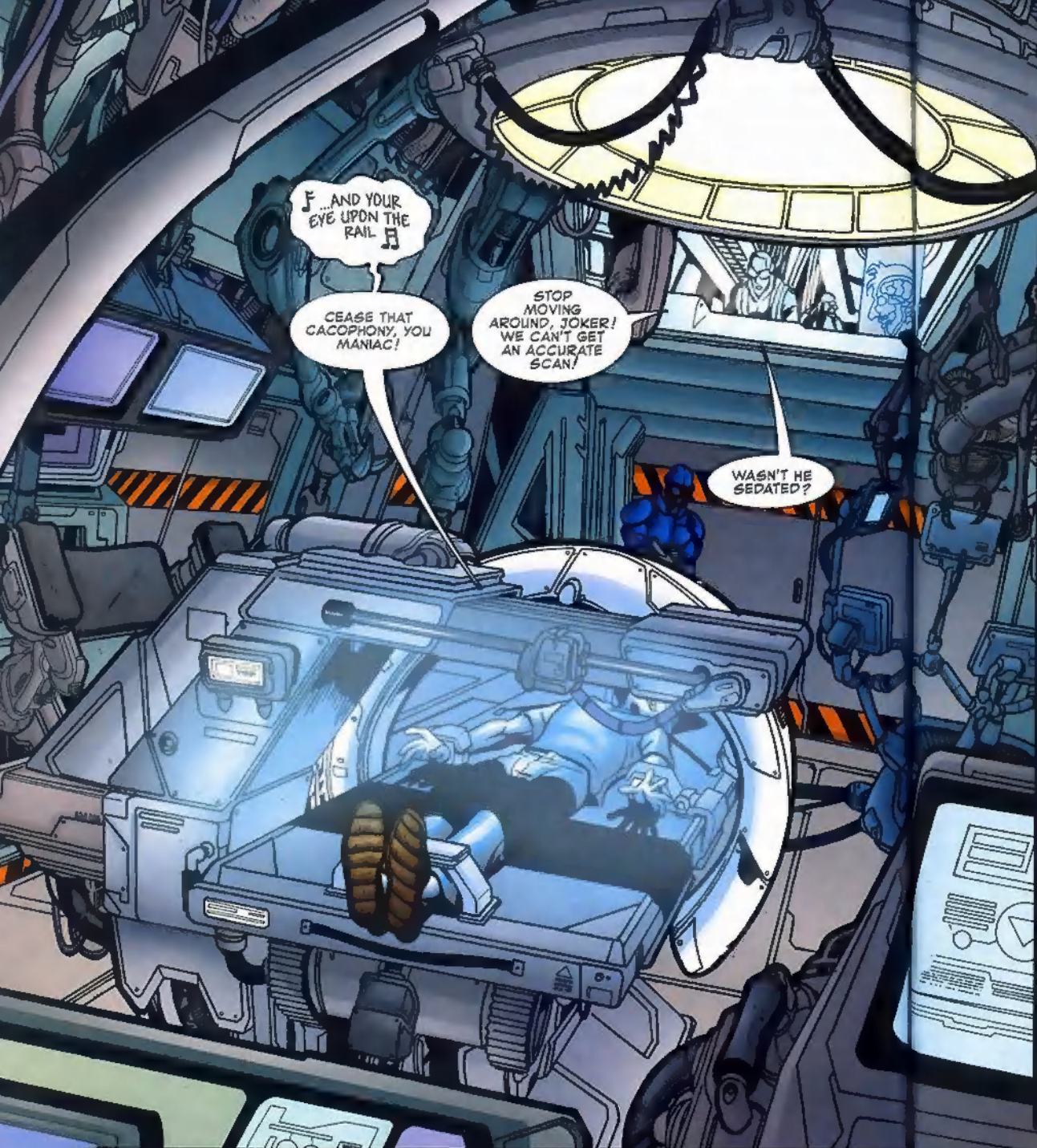
INFIRMARY +
DIAGNOSTICS

♪ WATCH
THE CURVES,
THE FILL
TUNNELS... ♪

MAKE
HIM
STOP!

♪ NEVER FALTER, ♪
NEVER QUAIL. KEEP
YOUR HAND UPON
THE THROTTLE... ♪

SOMEBODY
SHUT HIM UP!

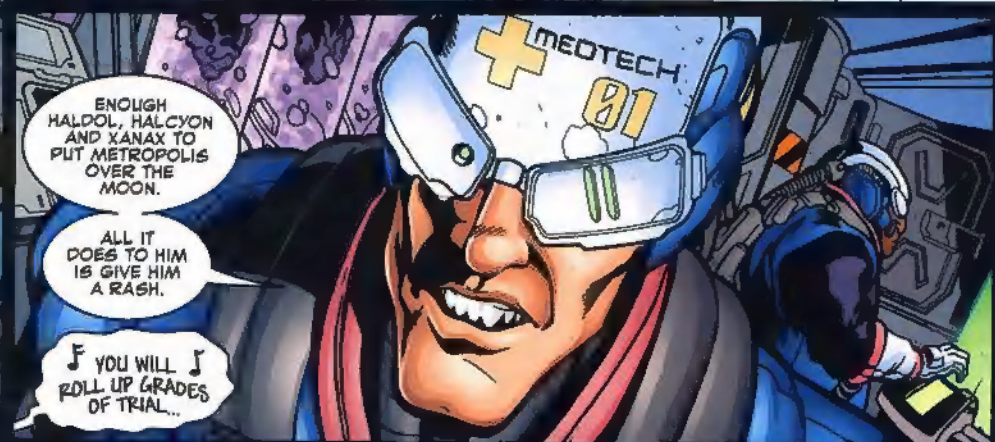


♪...AND YOUR
EYE UPON THE
RAIL ♪

CEASE THAT
CACOPHONY, YOU
MANIAC!

STOP
MOVING
AROUND, JOKER!
WE CAN'T GET
AN ACCURATE
SCAN!

WASN'T HE
SEDATED?



ENOUGH
HALDOL, HALCYON
AND XANAX TO
PUT METROPOLIS
OVER THE MOON.

ALL IT
DOES TO HIM
IS GIVE HIM
A RASH.

♪ YOU WILL ♪
ROLL UP GRADES
OF TRIAL...



NO WONDER.
I'VE NEVER SEEN A
BRAIN STRUCTURE
LIKE THIS.

ENLARGED
FRONTAL LOBES.
LOOK AT THE GULF
IN THE CORPUS
CALLOSUM.

AND THE
CEREBELLUM IS
A ROAD MAP OF
LESIONS.

PLEASE
SHUT UP!



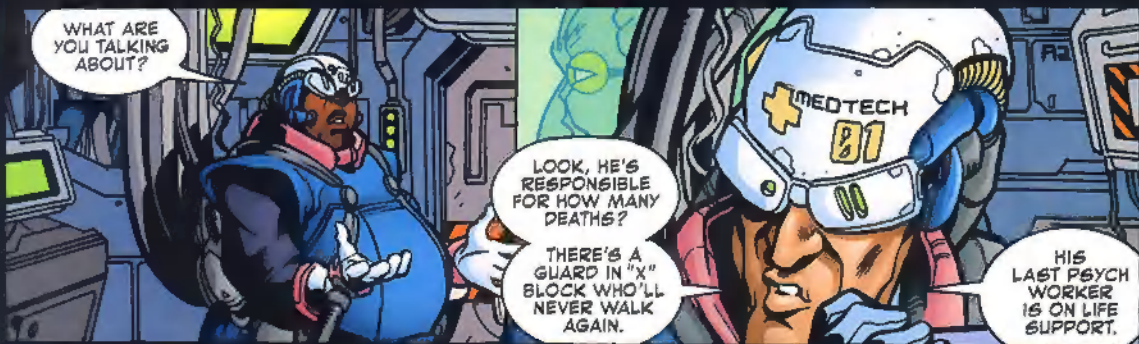
THIS GUY
NEVER HAD A
SHOT AT SANITY.
TOTALLY
UNREHABILITABLE.

Oh...I'M
SURE THERE'S
SOMETHING WE
CAN DO.

♪ YOU WILL
CROSS THE
BRIDGE OF
STRIFE... ♪

Writers - Chuck Dixon & Scott Beatty
Pencils - Pete Woods
Inks - Cameron Stewart
Colors - Tom McCraw
Separations - Digital Chameleon
Asst. Editor - Nachie Castro
Editor - Matt Idelson

A **CLOWN**
at **MIDNIGHT**



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

LOOK, HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR HOW MANY DEATHS?

THERE'S A GUARD IN "X" BLOCK WHO'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN.

HIS LAST PSYCH WORKER IS ON LIFE SUPPORT.



WHAT COULD BRING THE JOKER OUT OF HIS VIOLENT FANTASIES?

WHAT COULD GROUND THE JOKER IN REALITY SO HE MIGHT FINALLY COME TO HIS SENSES?



TAKE A LOOK AT FRAME A-1024.

DEAR GOD...

EXACTLY.

HOW... HOW DO WE TELL HIM?

WE DON'T, NOT UNTIL DOCTOR KEATON HEARS FIRST.



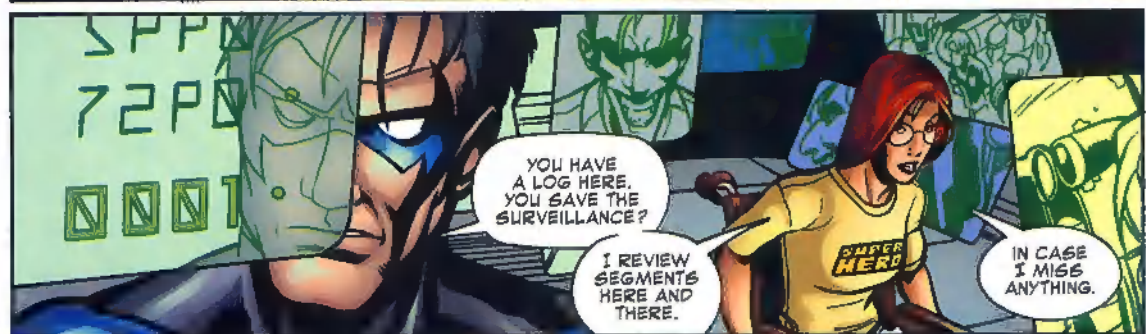
WHAT, NO LOLLY?

LOUSY H.M.O. S!



"MY INSURANCE PROVIDER'S GONNA HEAR ABOUT THIS!"

Uh... BABS?

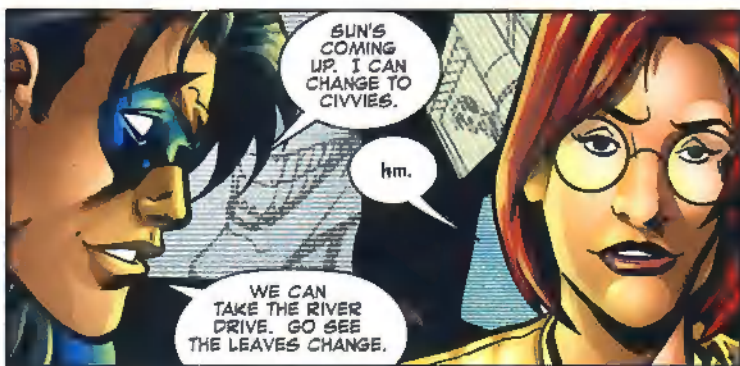




LET'S
GET THE
HUMMER OUT
FOR A
DRIVE.

I'M
BUSY,
DICK.

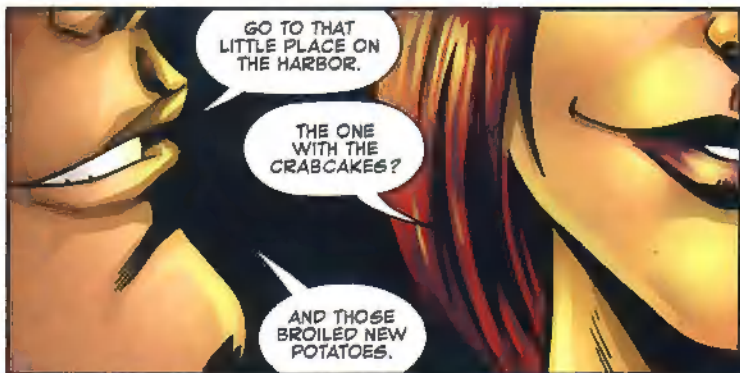
I
NOTICED
THAT.



SUN'S
COMING
UP. I CAN
CHANGE TO
CIVVIES.

hm.

WE CAN
TAKE THE RIVER
DRIVE. GO SEE
THE LEAVES CHANGE.



GO TO THAT
LITTLE PLACE ON
THE HARBOR.

THE ONE
WITH THE
CRABCAKES?

AND THOSE
BROILED NEW
POTATOES.



BUT I NEED TO
SPEED-REVIEW
LAST NIGHT'S
SURVEILLANCE.

LOOK AT
HIM. HE'S
SNUG AS A BUG.
LOCKED UP FOR
GOOD THIS
TIME.

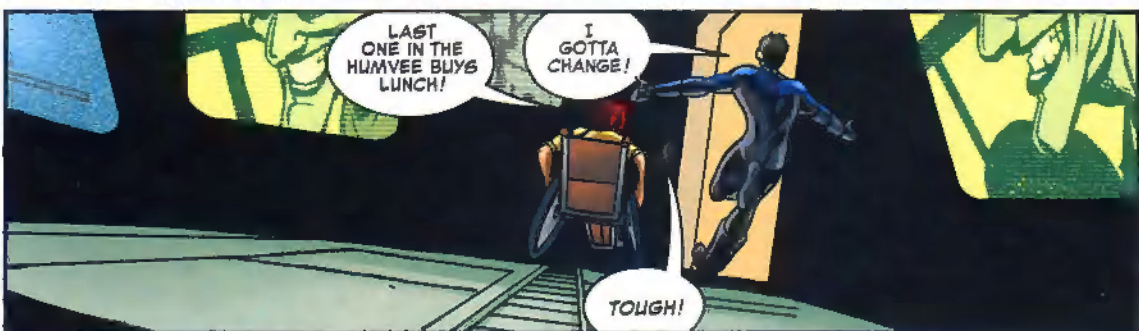
...
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



DOESN'T THAT
CALL FOR A
CELEBRATION?

MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

YOU
KNOW
I AM,
BABS.



LAST
ONE IN THE
HUMVEE BUYS
LUNCH!

I GOTTA
CHANGE!

TOUGH!

WARDEN
ZIMMER.



DR. KEATON,
THIS IS SHILO
NORMAN. HE'S
OUR SECURITY
EXPERT.

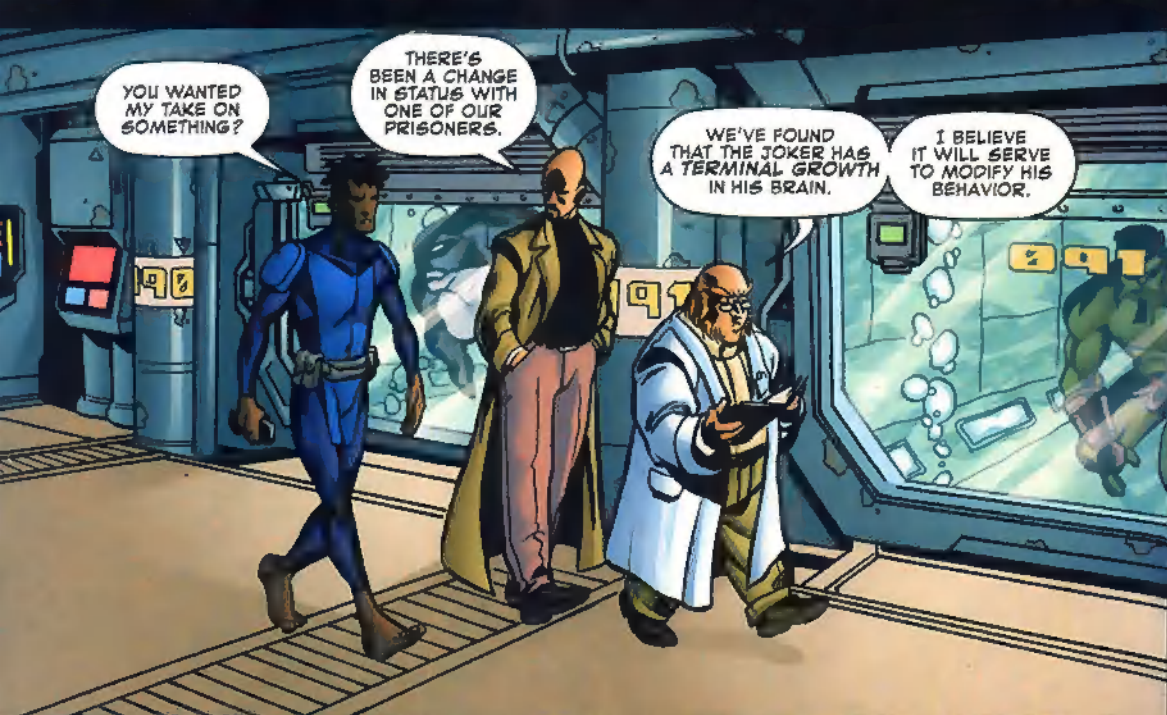
NOT THE ORIGINAL,
DOCTOR. I WAS
A STUDENT OF HIS.

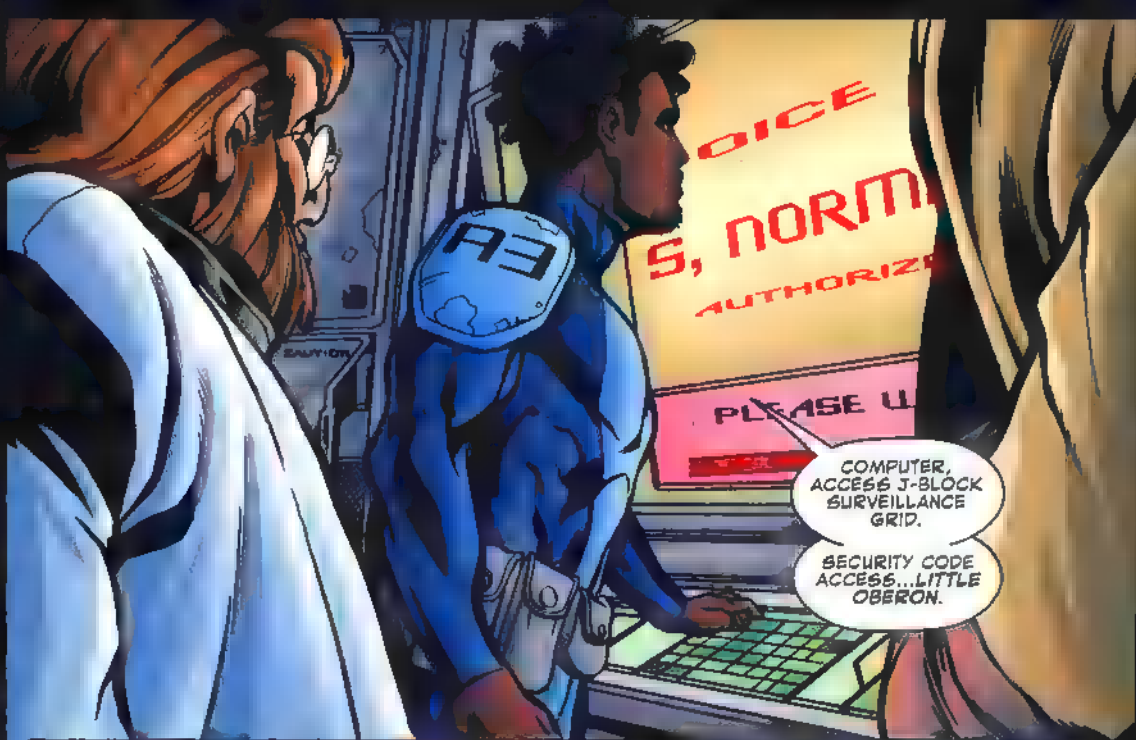
NOT THE ORIGINAL,
DOCTOR. I WAS
A STUDENT OF HIS.

I FINISHED REPAIRING THE VIBRATION MONITOR. LET KING SHARK BACK INTO HIS CELL.

ROGER THAT, SHL

ROGER
THAT, SHL





COMPUTER,
ACCESS J-BLOCK
SURVEILLANCE
GRID.

SECURITY CODE
ACCESS...LITTLE
OBERON.

MAMMOTH NO
LONGER WEARS
HIGH-GRAVITY
RESTRAINTS. THE
CONSTANT RESISTANCE
WAS ACTUALLY
MAKING HIM
STRONGER.

NOW
WE'RE JUST
DOPING HIM
SILLY WITH
INDUSTRIAL-
STRENGTH
PROZAC.

CELL J-0972: FLINDERS, BARAN



I'VE ORDERED
THE PSYCHO-PIRATE'S
OTHER EYEBROW
REGULARLY SHAVED.

HE CAN'T MAKE
EMOTIVE GESTURES AND
MESMERIZE ANYONE INTO
HYSTERIA, MURDEROUS
RAGE, OR WHATEVER
HE HAPPENS TO
BE FEELING.

THERE ARE
OTHER EARTHS.
I TELL YOU!
IN INFINITE
NUMBERS!

CELL J-1537: HAUDEN, ROGER

TEK TEK

THERE'S
PRACTICALLY NO
PROTOCOL FOR
INCARCERATING
VENUSIAN MIND-
WORMS.

THIS GUY
DOESN'T EVEN
HAVE A RECORD...
JUST SOME
MEGALOMANIAC
SPACE CATERPILLAR
CAMPED OUT IN
HIS BRAIN.

CELL J-2342: "MIND, MR."

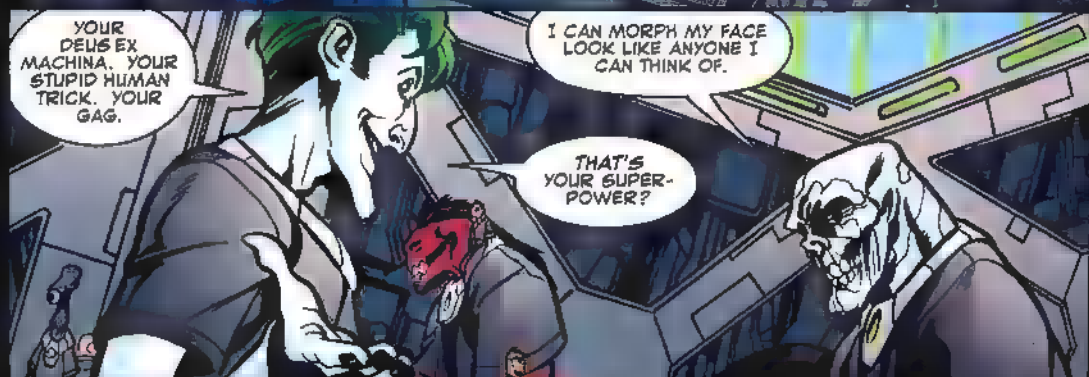
FRAG'S
NEARLY
BUSTED OUT
OF SLABSIDE
ONCE.

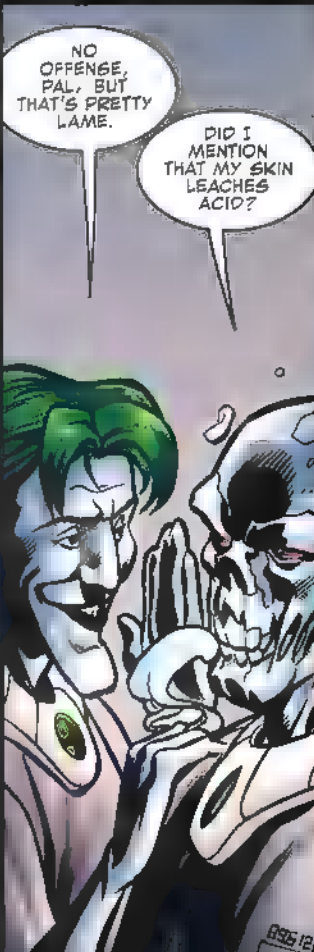
I INCREASED
THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC POLARITY
OF HIS INHIBITOR
COLLAR AND SUITED
HIM IN A RESTRAINT
FILLED WITH HIGH-
VISCOSITY IMPACT-
REDUCTION GEL.

THERE ARE ONE-HUNDRED-NINETY-SIX
MORE INMATES WITH SIMILARLY UNIQUE
RESTRAINING MEASURES... PLUS ANOTHER
THIRTY-NINE IN LEVEL-K AND BELOW WHO
AREN'T EVEN ALLOWED OUT OF
THEIR CELLS.

MR.
NORMAN, I'M
FAIRLY CERTAIN
NONE OF THESE
ROGUES WILL
BOTHER THE
JOKER.

I'M NOT
WORRIED
ABOUT THE
JOKER, DR.
KEATON...





NO OFFENSE, PAL, BUT THAT'S PRETTY LAME.

DID I MENTION THAT MY SKIN LEACHES ACID?



YOW!

KINDA STINGS, HUH?



I'LL PUT SOME BUTTER ON IT.

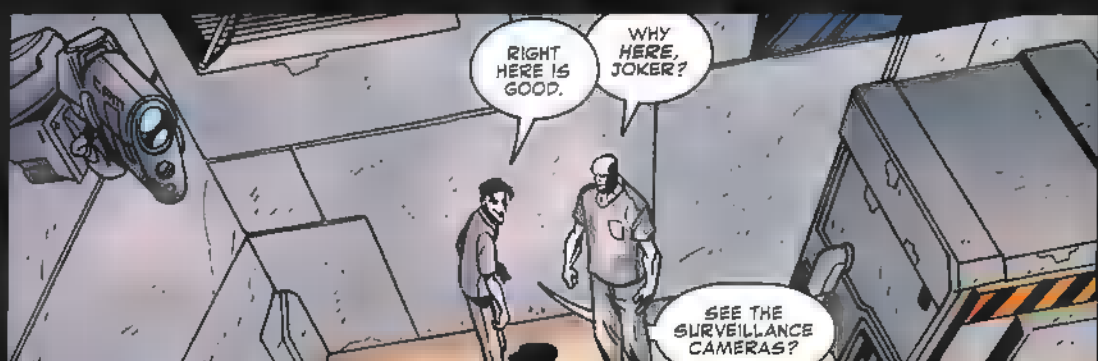
IF I WASN'T WEARING THIS RESTRAINING COLLAR I'D HAVE BURNED ALL THE SKIN OFF THAT HAND.

IT INJECTS ME WITH A CHEMICAL BASE EVERY COUPLE HOURS TO NEUTRALIZE MOST OF THE ACIDS IN MY SKIN.



ACID? I SEE WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN JUST OUR PORCELAIN VENEERS, CHILLY.

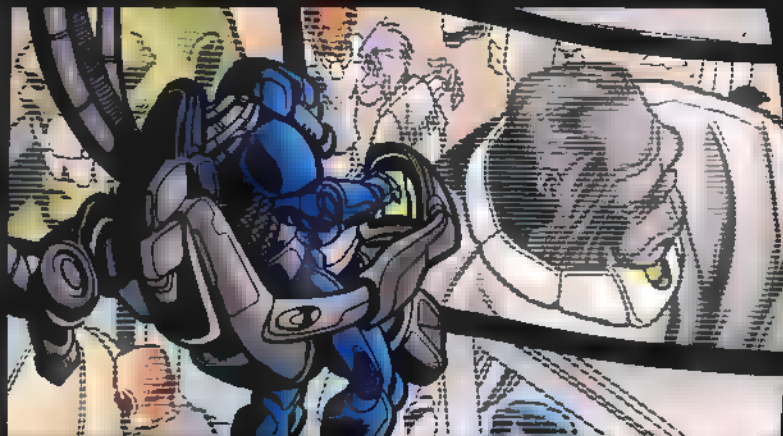
WALK WITH ME, TALK WITH ME.



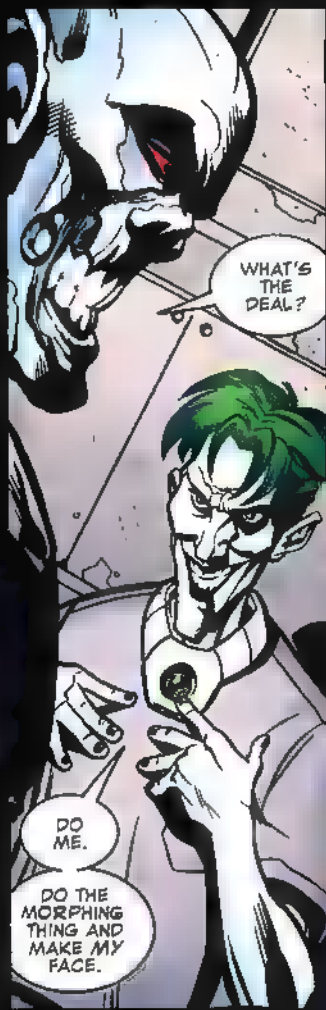
RIGHT HERE IS GOOD.

WHY HERE, JOKER?

SEE THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS?



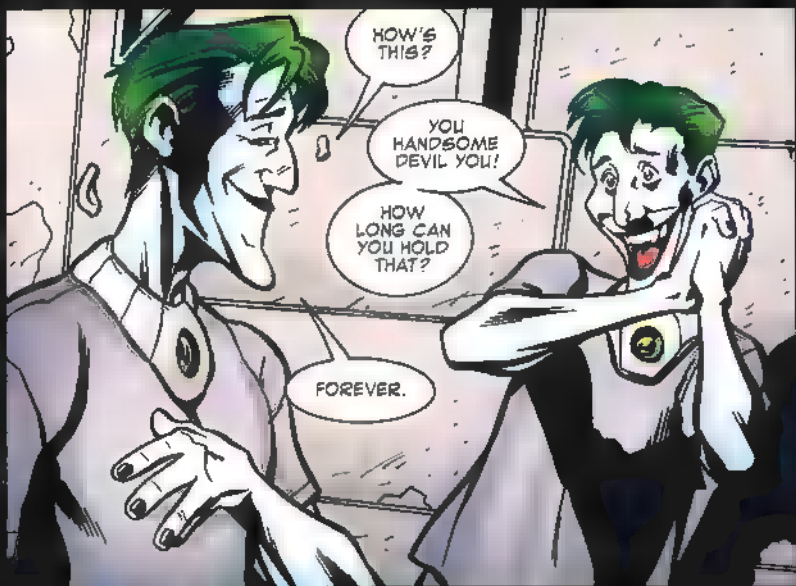
"WE'RE IN A BLIND SPOT."



WHAT'S
THE
DEAL?

DO
ME.

DO THE
MORPHING
THING AND
MAKE MY
FACE.



HOW'S
THIS?

YOU
HANDSOME
DEVIL YOU!

HOW
LONG
CAN
YOU HOLD
THAT?

FOREVER.



WHEN IT'S TIME
TO GO BACK TO OUR
CELLS WHAT IF YOU
WENT INTO MINE?

I DUNNO...THE
GUARDS DON'T
LIKE THAT KIND
OF STUFF.

WHAT'RE
THEY GONNA
DO...SEND
YOU TO THE
SLAB?



YEAH.

MIGHT
BE FUN.



THAT'S
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT,
CHILLEROO.

"FUN."

"FUN. FUN. FUN."

SHILO,
EVERYTHING'S
UNDER
CONTROL.

YOU'VE DONE
A FIRST-RATE JOB
SEALING THE CRACKS
AND FORTIFYING
SECURITY AROUND
HERE.

PING

FREEZE
THAT ONE JUST
FOR A SEC', SGT.
MISURA.

A PRIEST,
A RABBI AND
ELVIS WALK
■ TO A
BAR...

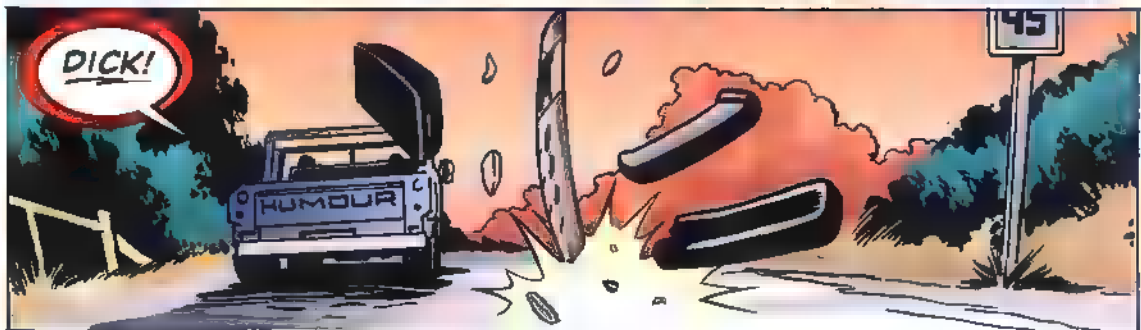
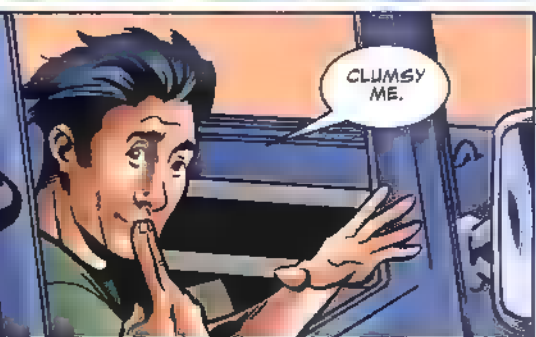
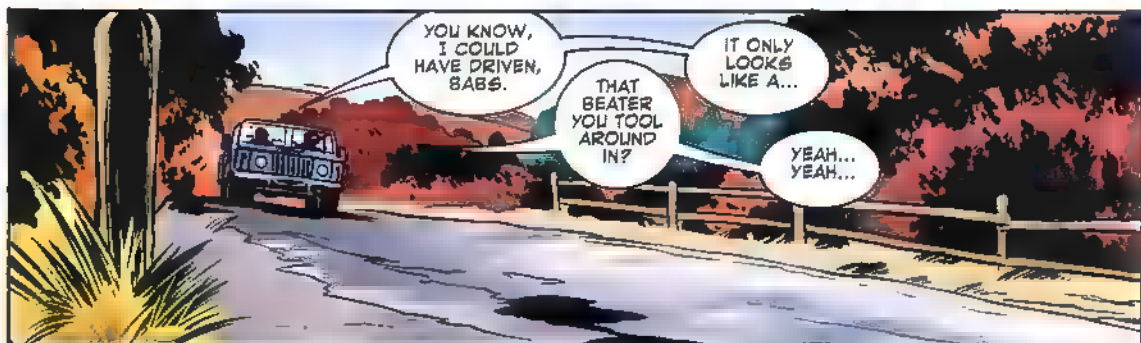
SEE?
NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT.

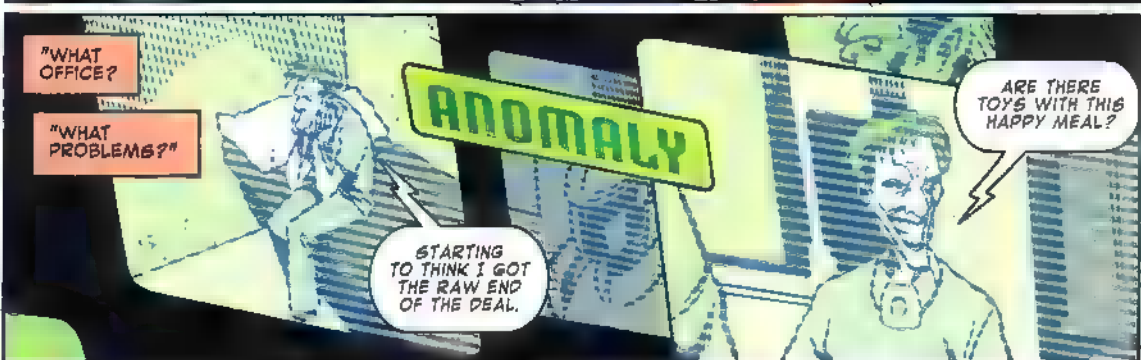
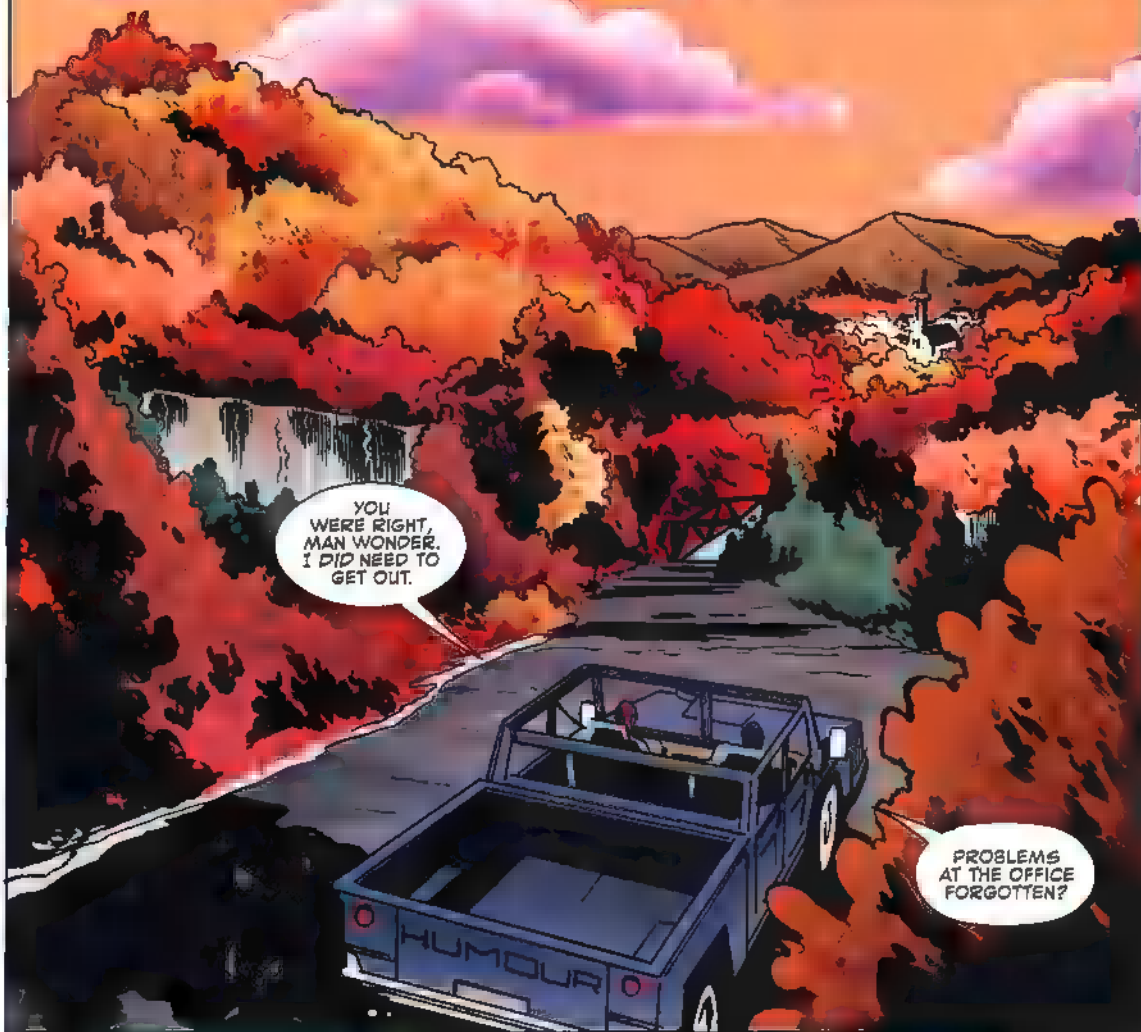
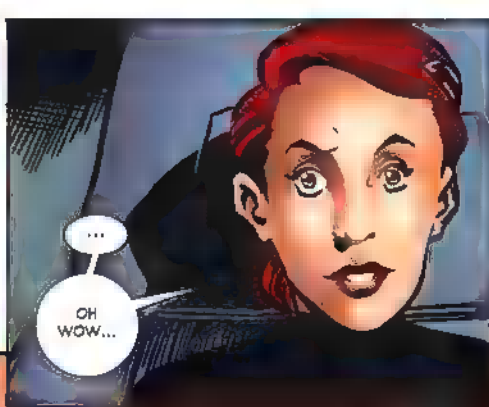
HE'S
STAYING OUT
OF TROUBLE
ALREADY.

THE JOKER
HAS A PLUM-SIZED
TUMOR GROWING
INSIDE HIS HEAD,
SHILO.

ONCE HE'S
AWARE OF THAT,
THE "CLOWN PRINCE
OF CRIME" WILL HAVE
MORE IMPORTANT
THINGS TO WORRY
ABOUT THAN MAKING
OUR JOBS
TOUGHER.

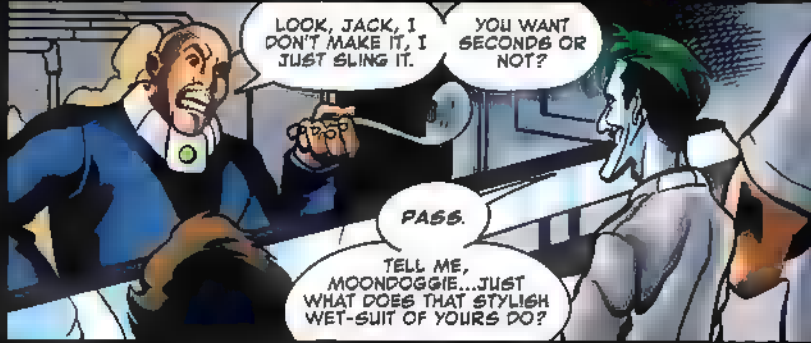
EVEN SO...I
THINK SOMEBODY
SHOULD PAGE ME
WHEN KEATON GIVES
JOKER HIS DEATH
SENTENCE.







THIS IS
JUST PLAIN
INTOLERABLE.



LOOK, JACK, I
DON'T MAKE IT, I
JUST SLING IT.

YOU WANT
SECONDS OR
NOT?

PASS.

TELL ME,
MOONDOGGIE...JUST
WHAT DOES THAT STYLISH
WET-SUIT OF YOURS DO?



I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT IT
DOESN'T
DO.

THESE ITCHY
DRAWERS DON'T LET
ME ABSORB ANY RAD
KINETIC ENERGY TO
PUNCH MY WAY
OUTTA HERE.



SEE, I TAKE A
COUPLE HITS AND
I GO ALL CHARLES
ATLAS ON YA.

I'M
RIPPED.



RIGHT-O,
MOONDOGGIE.
GOOD TO
KNOW.

SALORRRP!



MISCREANTS,
MISANTHROPE
AND
META-CONS...

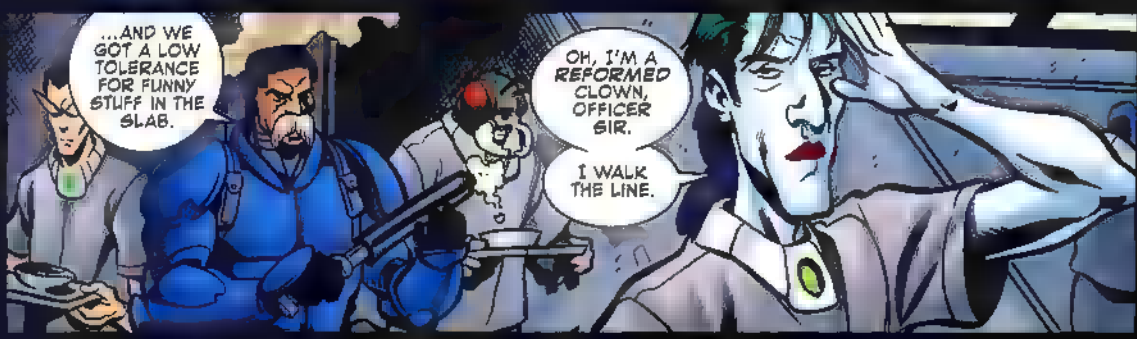
...OH
MY...





I DON'T WANT ANY CRAZY STUFF FROM YOU, JOKER.

YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM ARKHAM...



...AND WE GOT A LOW TOLERANCE FOR FUNNY STUFF IN THE SLAB.

OH, I'M A REFORMED CLOWN, OFFICER SIR.

I WALK THE LINE.

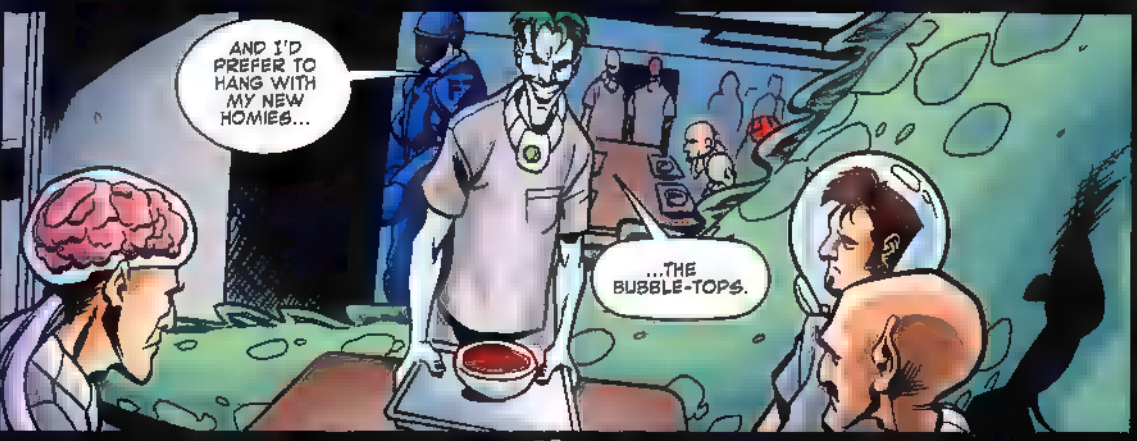


HAVE YOU CONSIDERED JOINING THE ARYAN ALLIANCE, HERR JOKER?

THINK I'LL HAVE TO PASS ON THE WHOLE OKTOBERFEST THING YOU'VE GOT GOING ON WITH THE BOYS HERE, CAP'N RATZI.

I'M EVIL AND ALL THAT...

...BUT YOU GUYS ARE JUST PLAIN MEAN.



AND I'D PREFER TO HANG WITH MY NEW HOMIES...

...THE BUBBLE-TOPS.



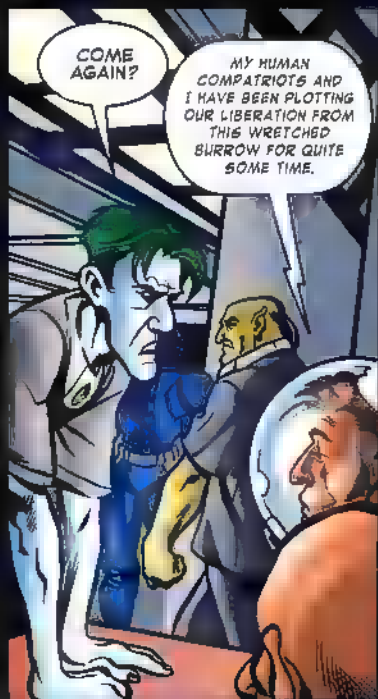
HOW'S IT HANGIN',
PSIMON?

PLEASE!
MY CORTICAL
FISSURE IS
EXTREMELY
SENSITIVE!



YOU AND
ME BOTH,
BROTHER!

CONSIDER
YOURSELF
WARNED,
EARTHER.



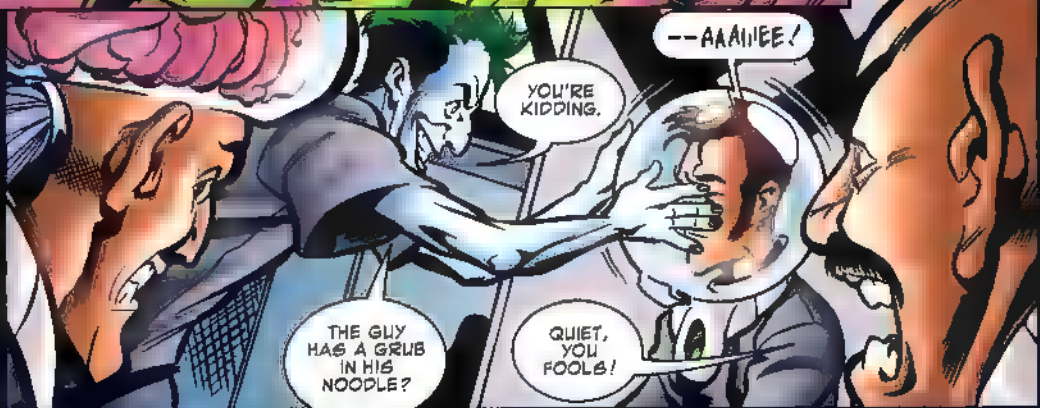
COME
AGAIN?

MY HUMAN
COMPATRIOTS AND
I HAVE BEEN PLOTTING
OUR LIBERATION FROM
THIS WRETCHED
BURROW FOR QUITE
SOME TIME.



WE WILL NOT SUFFER
YOUR PECULIAR MANIAS
BEFOULING OUR CAREFULLY
WROUGHT PLANS.

YOU ARE
CERTAINLY
NOT WEL--



--AAAH!EE!

YOU'RE
KIDDING.

THE GUY
HAS A GRUB
IN HIS
NOODLE?

QUIET,
YOU
FOOLS!



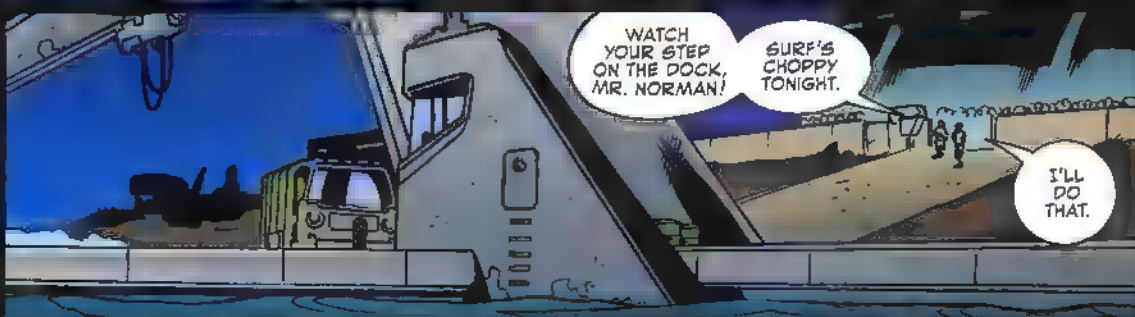
THE
GUARDS...

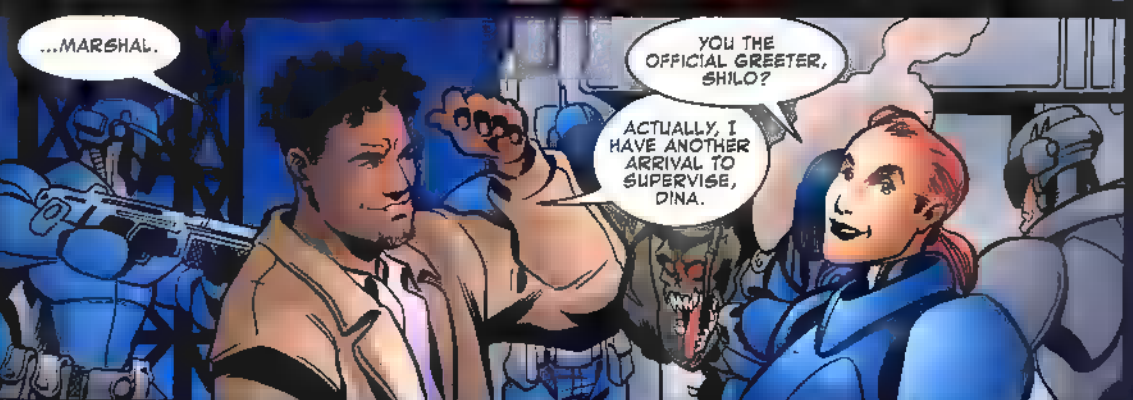
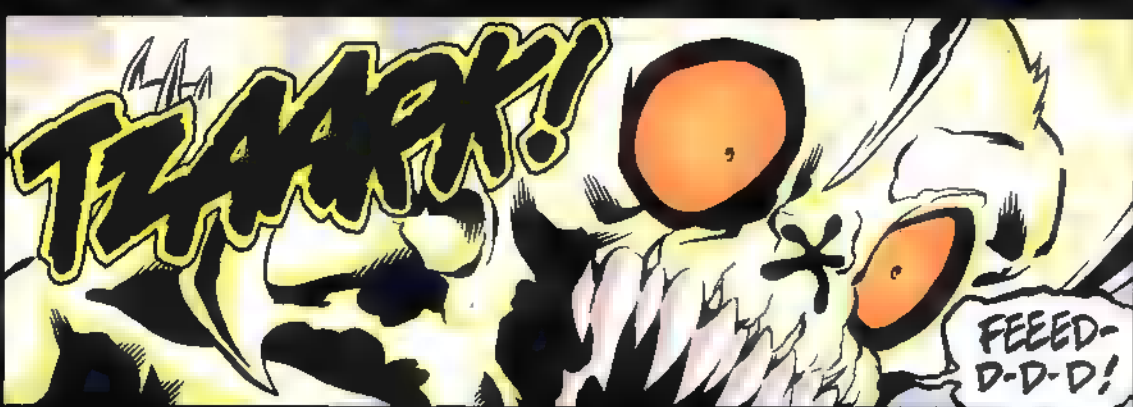
...COULDN'T
CARE LESS
ABOUT YOU
POINDEXTERS.


THEY'RE BUSY
WATCHING THE
GUYS WITH NUCLEAR
MUSCLES AND
SHARP EDGES.

SO RELAX
AND ENLIGHTEN
ME, CHROME
DOMES...









YOU'VE GOT
A CELL SET UP
FOR CHARAXES,
RIGHT?




READY
AND
WAITING.



ULTRASONICS
AND ENERGY
GRIDS UP AND
RUNNING.

WE MIGHT
EVEN HAVE A WAY TO
TRICK HIS PHYSIOLOGY
INTO INITIATING A
COCOON PHASE.




IT'S EITHER
THAT OR KEEP HIM
ON A RESTRICTED DIET
AND AWAY FROM
WARM-BLOODED
INMATES.




YUMMY.

OFF
THE CLOCK,
SHI?

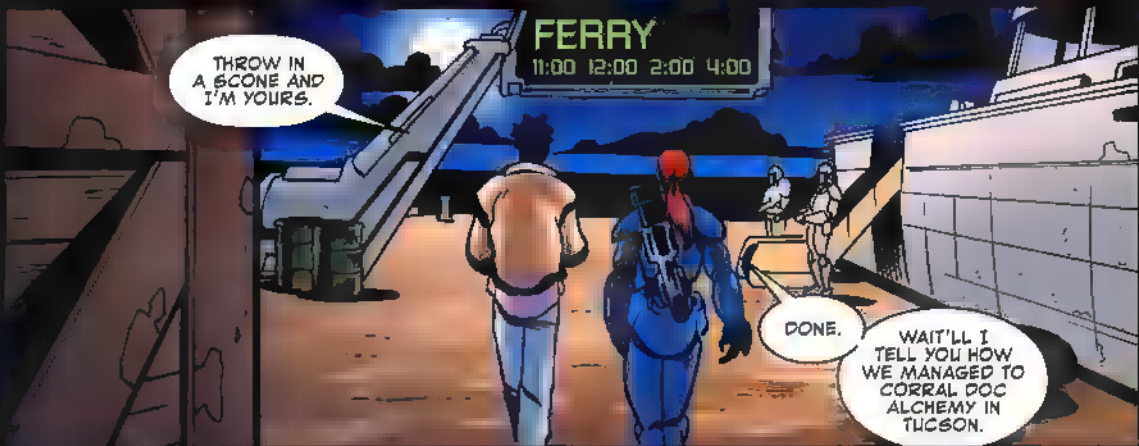


I WISH.
I'M ACTUALLY
HANGING CLOSE
FOR A WHILE.

WE'RE
BRINGING IN
THAT QURACI
SPEEDSTER DERVISH
LATER. I HEAR
SHE'S A REAL
HANDFUL.



C'MON, LET
ME BUY YOU A
CUP OF COFFEE
THEN.



THROW IN
A Scone AND
I'M YOURS.

FERRY

11:00 12:00 2:00 4:00

DONE.

WAIT'LL I
TELL YOU HOW
WE MANAGED TO
CORRAL DOC
ALCHEMY IN
TUCSON.

"IT'S A LAUGH RIOT."

...AND THIS,
GIVEN THAT I ACQUIRE A
WHOLLY NEW META-POWER
EACH TIME I ■■■ AND
AM INSTANTANEOUSLY
RESURRECTED...

...I'VE CALCULATED
THAT IN LESS THAN ■■■ MONTHS'
TIME, THERE'S AN EIGHTY-SEVEN-POINT-
NINE PERCENT PROBABILITY THAT I WILL
MANIFEST THE NECESSARY ABILITY TO
SHUCK THIS DAMNABLE COLLAR AND
LEAD OUR ESCAPE.

I COMMAND
THIS COALITION,
YOU INSUFFERABLE
VERTEBRATE.

QUIET,
WOIM.

NOW,
LET ME
GET THIS
STRAIGHT.

IN ADDITION TO
CANCELING OUT OUR
VARIOUS SUPER-SHTICKS,
THESE BABIES ARE LOADED
WITH REGURGITANT HYPOS
TO TAKE THE FIGHT
OUT.

INDEED.

STANDARD
GLYCOPROTEIN
ALLERGEN
USED BY THE
MILITARY?

THE
VERY
SAME.

AND THOSE
PIPES DELIVER
AN AEROSOLIZED
METAGENE
INHIBITOR?

R.N.A. DE-AGENT
AND POLYPEPTIDE
CHAIN BLOCK?

SO WE'VE
SURMISED,
THOUGH IT'S
NEVER BEEN
USED, ONLY
THREATENED.

PERFECT.

WE DIDN'T
REALIZE YOU
WERE SO
WELL-VERSED ■■■
BIOCHEMISTRY,
JOKER.

I MEAN, THOSE
SMILING ■■■ WERE
ONE THING, BUT
THIS...

OH,
PSHAW.
I TOOK A
LEARNING
ANNEX
CLASS.

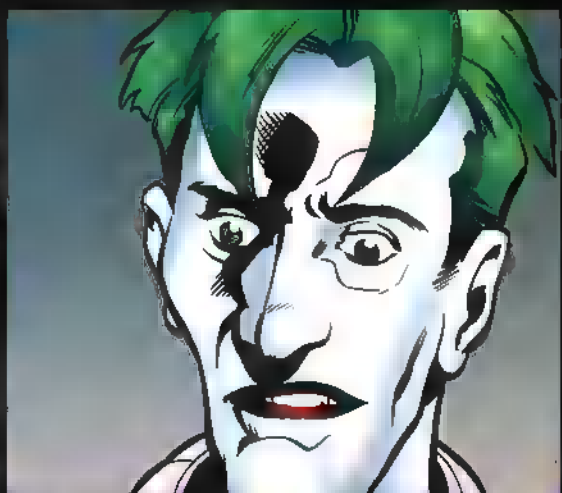
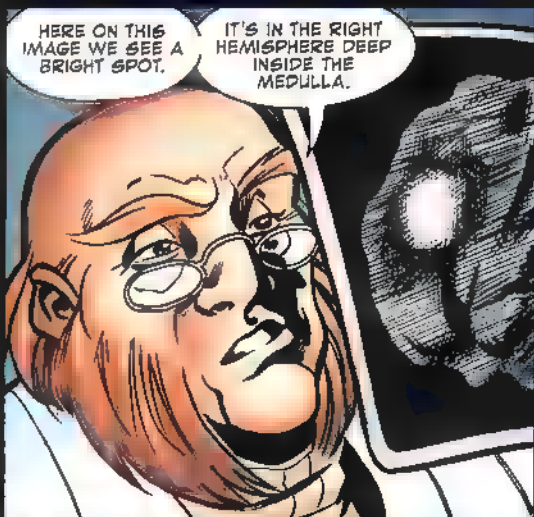
AND IF WHAT I
REMEMBER ABOUT
COUNTERINDICATIONS
■■■ TRUE...

humm...

WELL, IF
YOU GENTLEMEN
WILL EXCUSE
ME...

ON
YOUR FEET,
JOKER.

DOC
KEATON
WANTS TO
SEE
YOU.



"DYING..."



TOUGH
BREAK,
JOKER.

BUT I HEAR
THAT RADIATION
STUFF DOES
WONDERS.



AND IF YOU
GO ON BEHAVING,
NOBODY ELSE NEEDS
TO KNOW ABOUT
WHAT JUST WENT
ON IN HERE.

YOU'VE
GOT MY
WORD ON
THAT.



I MUCH
APPRECIATE
THAT, OFFICER
SIR.

BEST
BEHAVIOR,
YOU'LL
SEE.

TIME'S
SHORT. GOTTA
TURN MY WASTED
LIFE AROUND,
RIGHT?



THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!

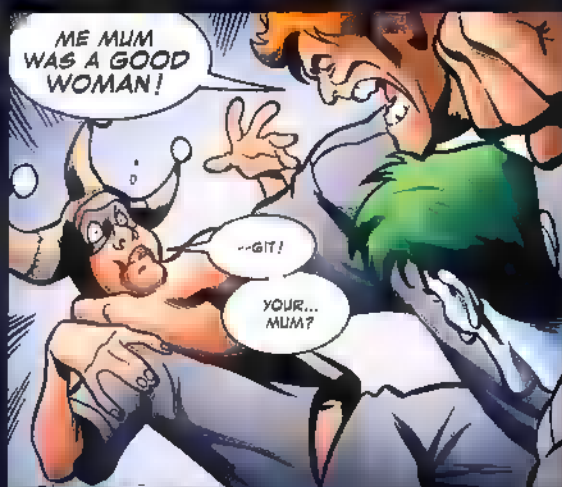


MAN, WHAT
I WOULDN'T GIVE
FOR A VIDEO OF
THE LAST FIVE
MINUTES.

THAT
CRYING JAG
GAVE ME THE
SHIVERS.

YEAH,
WELL....

CASTRO

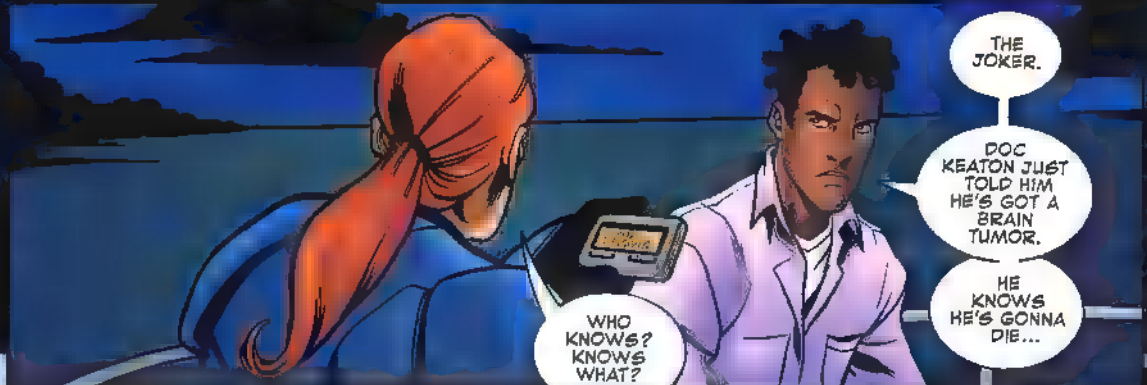






ANY
GUESSES
WHO
STARTED
IT?

I DON'T
NEED TO
GUESS.



THE
JOKER.

DOC
KEATON JUST
TOLD HIM
HE'S GOT A
BRAIN
TUMOR.

HE
KNOWS
HE'S GONNA
DIE...

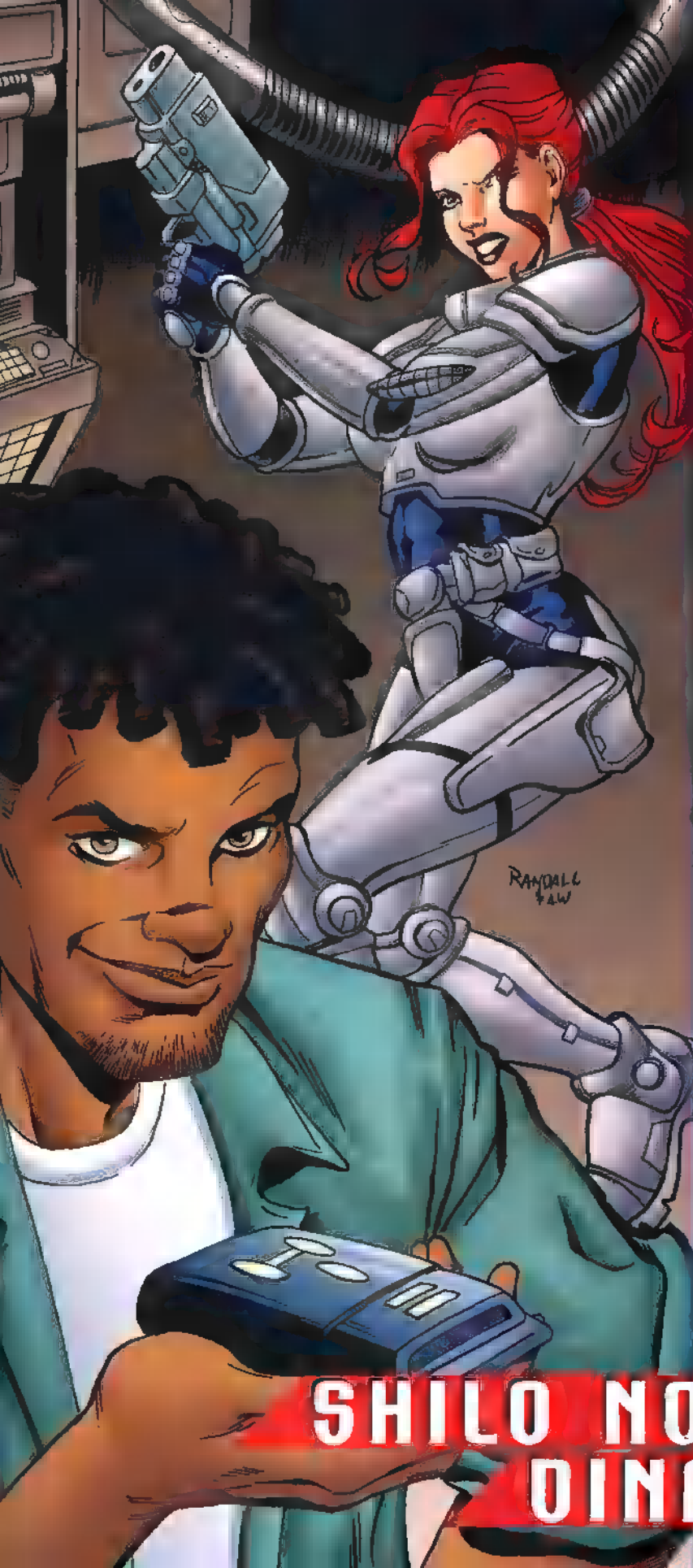
WHO
KNOWS?
KNOWS
WHAT?



"...AND I'M PRETTY
SURE WE'RE HEADED
FOR THE LAST SUPPER."

To Be Continued in

Joker



Shilo Norman
OCCUPATION: Security Liaison
BASE OF OPERATIONS: Slabside Island
HT: 6' 0" **WT:** 179 lbs.
EYES: Brown **HAIR:** Brown
FIRST APPEARANCE: MISTER MIRACLE (Vol. 1) #15 (August-September, 1973)

Dina Bell
OCCUPATION: U.S. Marshal
BASE OF OPERATIONS: Gotham City Field Office
HT: 5' 7" **WT:** 126 lbs.
EYES: Green **HAIR:** Red
FIRST APPEARANCE: BIRDS OF PREY #12 (December, 1999)

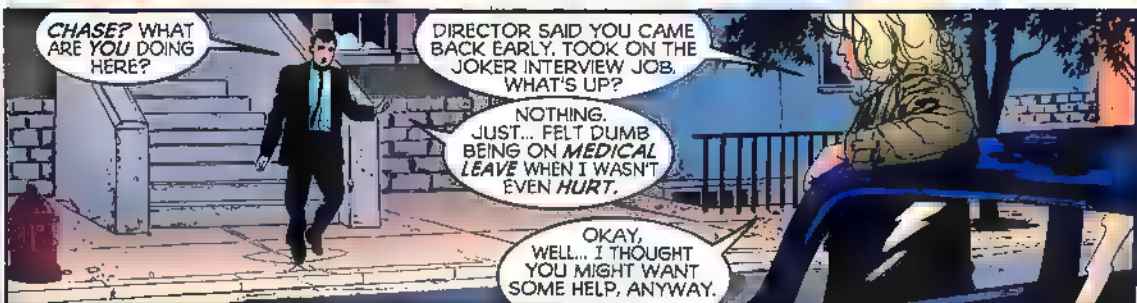
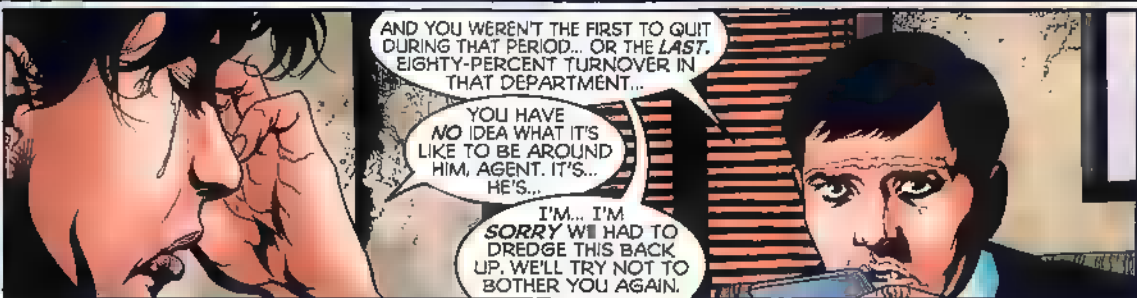
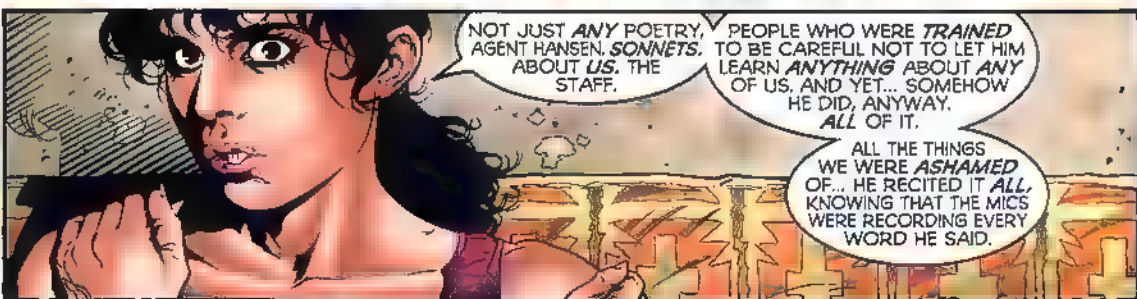
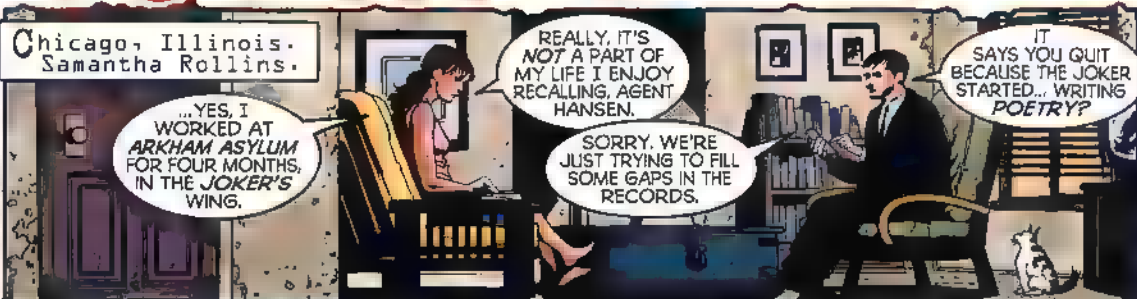
Shilo Norman escaped the squalor of "Suicide Slum" in Metropolis to become the apprentice of renowned escape artist Mister Miracle, a.k.a. Scott Free of New Genesis. Under Free's tutelage, Shilo studied both the philosophies of the peace-loving New Gods and the survival skills his mentor honed as a youth imprisoned on the dread planet Apokolips. Though enjoying some fame carrying on the guise of Mister Miracle for his briefly retired mentor, Shilo ultimately opted for a very different career path. As a respected security consultant and troubleshooter, he now plies his trade preventing escapes, devising unique restraints for the diverse metahuman population incarcerated at Slabside Island Penitentiary.

Recently, Shilo has nurtured a growing friendship with Dina Bell, a respected Federal Marshal assigned to the U.S. Justice Department's Division of Metahuman Detention. Bell also has ties with Apokolips, distinguishing herself with the safe return of a prison transport train once hijacked to that dark world via "Boom Tube" technology.

SHILO NORMAN
DINA BELL

TOUCHED by

DAN CURTIS JOHNSON &
J.H. WILLIAMS III story/art
MICK GRAY inks
TOM McCRAW colors COMICRAFT letters
CHASE created by JOHNSON & WILLIAMS



N.Y.U. Medical
Center. Long-term
care. James Wheeler.

I NEVER
EVEN SAW HIM, YOU
KNOW. I WAS IN THE
BATHROOM.

COLLEGE DORM
PARTY. SIXTEEN
PEOPLE.

DIDN'T
EVEN HEAR IT
HAPPEN. NO IDEA
WHY HE DID IT.

MAYBE WE WERE JUST A MESSAGE.
AN EXAMPLE. OR A WAY TO GET
BATMAN'S ATTENTION. LIKE
A LOVE LETTER.

I NEVER
EVEN SAW HIM.
THE PARTY WAS IN
FULL SWING...

I WAS IN
THE BATHROOM...
SIX... MAYBE SEVEN
MINUTES, AND WHEN
I CAME OUT...

SHINY HAPPY
PEOPLE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OH MY
GOD THEY'RE ALL IT'S THEY'RE
ALL WHAT WHAT HAPPENED

WHY DID HE LET
ME LIVE? DID I
DO SOMETHING
SPECIAL?

DID HE
JUST MISS ME
BY ACCIDENT?
WHY ME?

I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE HIM.
DIDN'T EVEN...

I... I
WISH I HAD AN
ANSWER.

YOU KNOW... THESE
INTERVIEW NOTES THAT
THE SLAB REQUESTED
ARE PRETTY LOW
PRIORITY. ARE YOU
SURE YOU WANT TO
TALK TO THESE
PEOPLE...?

THERE'S
A LOT LESS
DEPRESSING
STUFF TO
WORK ON.

NO. THIS IS FINE.
I WANT TO
DO THIS.
I WANT
TO TALK TO
THEM.

OOOOOKAY.

Atlantic City,
New Jersey.
Alan Reynolds.

THANKS FOR TAKING
THE TIME TO TALK
TO US, MR.
REYNOLDS.

NO THANKS NEEDED. IF THEY
AREN'T GOING TO *EXECUTE* THAT
MONSTER ONCE AND FOR ALL,
THEN ANYTHING I CAN DO
TO KEEP HIM LOCKED UP
FOREVER...
WELL, YOU
JUST CALL ME
ANY TIME...

I KNOW IT
MUST BE *DIFFICULT*
TO TALK ABOUT...

-- MY DAUGHTER *EMILY*?
SOMETIMES IT IS,
USED TO BE MUCH
HARDER...

THEY ASSURED US THAT WE WERE
JUST *BYSTANDERS*... TOTAL BAD
LUCK THAT WE HAPPENED TO BE
IN HIS WAY. AND YET...

...HE STOPPED
FOR A MOMENT,
AFTER HE... AFTER...
JUST FOR A SECOND,
HE WAS *RIGHT*
THERE.

Oh...
WAS SHE
YOURS?

HERE.
SORRY.

I DON'T
THINK SHE'LL
NEEDING THIS,
ANYMORE.

HE JUST NO NO DON'T LOOK
AT HER DON'T LOOK DOWN
AT MY LITTLE GIRL HE JUST

HE WAS *RIGHT THERE*,
AND I DIDN'T *KILL* HIM. I
HAD THE *CHANCE* AND I
DIDN'T TAKE IT.

AND NEITHER DID *BATMAN*,
WHEN HE FINALLY CAUGHT
HIM. WHY *DOESN'T* HE
KILL THAT... THAT...

WELL...
IT'S *AGAINST*
THE *LAW*, FOR
ONE THING.

GIVE ME
FIVE MINUTES
WITH HIM IN HIS
CELL, AND
NO *LAW* WILL
MATTER.

I MISSED
MY *CHANCE* ONCE.
I *WOULDN'T* LET
IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

THINK HE'LL
TRY ANYTHING
VIOLENT? MAYBE WE
SHOULD CALL SOMEONE
TO KEEP HIM UNDER
OBSERVATION...

HE'LL WORK
IT THROUGH,
HANSEN. DON'T
WORRY.

SHOCK...
ANGER... HE'LL GET
TO *ACCEPTANCE*
EVENTUALLY.

I WISH I
COULD BE AS...
CONFIDENT... AS YOU.

Baltimore,
Maryland.
Neil Evans.

...DIDN'T WORK FOR HIM, EXACTLY.
RAN SOME GUNS, MADE SOME
BOMBS... HE JUST ENDED UP
BEING THE ONE THAT
USED THEM.

DIDN'T
KILL NOBODY.
MYSELF.

YOU GOT A
REDUCED SENTENCE IN
EXCHANGE FOR TESTIMONY AT
HIS COMPETENCY HEARING.

THE
ONLY TESTIFYING
WITNESS, IN FACT.

WEREN'T
SUPPOSED TO BE
ANY WITNESSES.
OF COURSE.

DUMPED HIS
DAMN POISON ON
ALL OF US AFTER HE
GOT HIS STUFF. BY ALL
RIGHTS, IT SHOULD
KILLED ME. GUESS I
GOT OUT WITH A
TINY DOSE.

HALLUCINATED
LIKE MAD FOR THREE
DAYS BEFORE WAKING
UP IN THE HOSPITAL...

THERE MIGHT BE
SOMETHING WE CAN DO
WITH RECONSTRUCTIVE
SURGERY, BUT IT'S
TRICKY.

REALLY,
YOU'RE LUCKY
JUST TO BE
ALIVE, MISTER
EVANS.

MY FACE WHAT'S THAT ON
MY FACE I CAN'T MOVE IT
I CAN'T FEEL MY FACE

SURGERY
COST A FORTUNE.
DIDN'T FIX A THING.
"LUCKY"?

ANYONE
WHO THINKS
THIS IS "LUCKY"
NEEDS TO LOOK UP
THE WORD IN A
DICTIONARY.

NEEDS TO
SPEND THE REST
OF THEIR LIFE BEING
TREATED LIKE A
FREAK.

HE PROBABLY
THINKS HE'D HAVE
BEEN BETTER OFF
DYING LIKE THE
OTHERS.

I CAN'T HELP
BUT THINK MAYBE
HE'S RIGHT.

NO WAY.
IT'S ALWAYS
WORTH IT
TO LIVE ON.
ALWAYS.

Gotham City.
Barbara Gordon.

AT FIRST...
I THOUGHT
HE'D TAKEN MY
WHOLE WORLD
AWAY.
EFFECTIVELY
ENDED MY LIFE,
EVEN THOUGH I
SURVIVED.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
I GUESS THERE'D BE A
LOT OF HATRED
AFTERWARDS.

WELL,
I'D LIKE TO
THINK...

...I TRY TO
REMEMBER
EVERY DAY THAT IT
COULD HAVE BEEN
ANYTHING THAT
TOOK MY LEGS
AWAY.

A BUS
ACCIDENT. SOME
NEW WASTING DISEASE.
THE QUAKE COULD
HAVE COLLAPSED
A BUILDING
ON ME.

I TRY NOT
TO... TAKE IT...
PERSONALLY.

LOOK
WHO'S FALLEN
AND CAN'T
GET UP!
YOU EVER
GET THE FEELING
YOU OUGHTA BE
IN PICTURES,
DARLIN'?

WHAT WHAT HAPPENED IT'S THE
HE'S HERE AND I NEED TO GET AWAY
GET BRUCE GET DAD I NEED MY MY

EVENTUALLY, I FOUND THAT
THERE WERE... OTHER WAYS...
I COULD CONTRIBUTE
TO THE WORLD AROUND
ME. NEW LIMITS TO
OVERCOME.

I PUSHED
MYSELF IN WAYS
I MIGHT NOT
HAVE DISCOVERED
OTHERWISE...

— A WHOLE NEW
BARBARA GORDON
EMERGED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

I NOTICED YOU STOPPED
TAKING NOTES. WHAT'S UP?
NOT GOING TO UPDATE
THE FILES WHEN YOU'RE
DONE?

Huh? I'M...
DON'T WORRY.
I'VE GOT IT ALL
IN MY HEAD. IT'S
ALL THERE.

HEY!
I WANNA
TALK TO
YOU!

Gotham City.
Harley Quinn.

I HEAR
YOU'RE TALKING TO
PEOPLE WHO'VE MET
MISTER J...

BUT YOU'RE
ONLY TALKING TO
PEOPLE WHO HATE HIM
AND FEAR HIM AND
MISUNDERSTAND
HIM.

HIS
VICTIMS, IF
THAT'S WHAT
YOU MEAN.

YOU SHOULD
TRY TALKING TO
SOMEONE WHO REALLY
KNOWS HIM. SOMEONE
WHO CARES.

SOMEONE WHO
UNDERSTANDS
THE LOVE HE HAS
IN HIS HEART.

AND I
SUPPOSE YOU
FIT THAT BILL
PERFECTLY?

I'M
FLATTERED,
HARLEY, REALLY,
I AM.

BUT I
GOTTA GIVE IT
TO YOU STRAIGHT,
CUPCAKE... I'M
SORRY.

NOT EVEN
IF YOU WERE THE
LAST CLOWN ON
EARTH.

NO NO BUT I LOVE YOU
AND YOU HAVE TO LOVE ME
YOU HAVE TO YOU HAVE TO

ON SECOND THOUGHT --
FORGET IT! WHY SHOULD
I TELL YOU PEOPLE
ANYTHING?

YOU WANNA LOOK FOR MISTER
J'S SECRETS -- YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!

N'EAH!

HOLD
IT RIGHT
THERE --!

NO,
CHASE. LET HER
GO. IT'S OKAY.

OKAY, HANSEN, CUT
THE GARBAGE! THIS
ISN'T LIKE YOU
AT ALL!
WANNA
TALK ABOUT
WHAT'S REALLY
ON YOUR
MIND?

WHAT... I DUNNO WHAT
YOU MEAN...

I'M
TALKING ABOUT
GORILLA GRODD,
HANSEN.

I'M TALKING
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU.
IN FLORIDA.

Gotham City Waterfront.
Agent Cliff Hansen.

YOU DIDN'T
SEE IT, CAM, YOU
WEREN'T THERE.
THE WAY HE **TORE**
THROUGH
US...*

EVERYONE
AT THE D.E.O.
THOUGHT WE WERE
READY FOR HIM.
WE WERE **SO**
SURE...

*SEE FLASH SECRET FILES#3 AND
FLASH#178 FOR MORE DETAILS.

I KNOW,
CLIFF. I WAS PART
OF THE PREP TEAM.
REMEMBER?
WE ALL
UNDERESTIMATED
HIM.

HE HAD ME **RIGHT THERE...**
HE COULD HAVE... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY **I LIVED**
WHEN SO MANY
OTHERS...

THE WORLD
USED TO MAKE
SENSE, BUT NOW...
WHAT KIND OF WORLD
IS THIS WE LIVE IN,
HERE THIS CAN
HAPPEN, **HUH?**

IT
HAPPENED...
SO FAST...

MOTION LOCK
FAILED!

CAN'T GET
A LOCK!

DEAR
GOD...

TRANS
ARE OUT!

NO
EFFECT --

HE'S GOT A
JAMMER!

FAST HOW CAN SOMETHING SO BIG
WHERE DID HE WHERE'S MY GUN MY
GUN NO GOOD NOT ENOUGH HE'S

YOU CAN'T GO **TEARING**
YOURSELF UP BECAUSE
YOU **DIDN'T DIE** WITH THE
OTHERS. CLIFF, NO POINT IN
LOOKING FOR A **REASON**,
'CAUSE THERE JUST **ISN'T**
ONE THERE.

NONE
OF **THESE** POOR
PEOPLE ARE GOING TO
SHED ANY LIGHT ON
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU.

YEAH... I JUST
THOUGHT...

...THEY **ALL**
GOT THROUGH
THE HORROR...
SOMEHOW, MAYBE
I COULD FIND
A WAY TO MAKE
IT GO AWAY.
TOO...

LOOK... I
CAN TELL YOU
FROM PERSONAL
EXPERIENCE...

IT MAY
NEVER REALLY GO
ALL AWAY. SOMETIMES,
WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR
EYES, IT MIGHT **STILL**
BE THERE ONCE IN A
WHILE. BUT...

BUT YOU
MAKE YOURSELF
REMEMBER THAT THEY'LL
BE GONE AGAIN WHEN
YOU OPEN YOUR
EYES.

WHO...?

Huh. I'M SORTA
SURPRISED TO
SEE YOU, IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD?

BEEP BEEP BEEP

I ALWAYS TRACK
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
WHEN YOU'RE IN MY
TOWN, AGENT. BETTER
ANSWER YOUR
PHONE.

AGENT
HANSEN, CHASE
ISN'T RIGHT AS OFTEN
AS SHE THINKS,
BUT SHE'S RIGHT
THIS TIME.

WHAT'S
IMPORTANT
ISN'T THE TERRIBLE
THINGS YOU'VE SEEN...

YEAH,
Uh-huh.

WHERE?
YEAH, GOT
IT.

...BUT RATHER, HOW
YOU CHOSE TO
GO ON.

YOU WON'T LEARN THAT
TALKING TO THESE
PEOPLE.

YOU
COULD SPEND
THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE CHASING
DOWN *EVERY* LIFE
THE JOKER HAS
SHATTERED...

...AND THE
WORLD WOULD
STILL MAKE
NO MORE SENSE.

JASON NO NO HE'S TOO YOUNG
JUST A BOY I DIDN'T I SHOULD
HAVE THERE WAS SO MUCH LEFT TO

WHAT'S
UP?

HOW'S THIS FOR
COINCIDENCE?
THERE'S A RIOT AT
THE SLAB.

APPARENTLY, THE
JOKER'S INVOLVED.
THEY'RE CALLING ■ ALL
AGENTS. ■ CASE IT
ESCALATES.

NO DOUBT
BATS HERE WILL
WANT TO GET
INVOLVED,
TOO.

GUESS SO. GONE
ALREADY.

WE
SHOULD BE,
TOO. WHAT
DO YOU SAY,
AGENT...?

I...

YEAH,
YOU'RE RIGHT.
LET'S GET
GOING.

The End



TIGER
AMERICA

M.I.T.

made a
in
when

recruited
to The
advance
to best

the

him

He

as the
Mass

of

to
salary removed

in the

BLACK MASS



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M SORTA PRESSED FOR SPACE AND TIME.

SO I'M GONNA MAKE IT REAL SIMPLE, COMIC RUBES--



--BUY THIS BOOK OR I'LL KILL THIS DOG!

ARF!



IF YOU DON'T STEP AWAY FROM THE SPINNER RACK AND PONY UP SOME PAYOLA...

I'LL GIVE MULTI-FIDO THE JOKER-CHOKER!

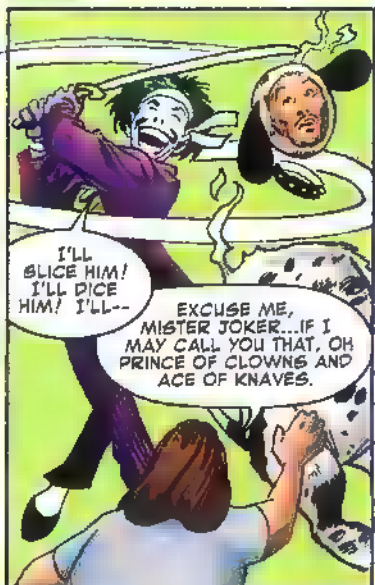


WHACK-A-MULTI PAT. PEND.

I'LL GIVE HIM FORTY WHACKS LESS ONE!



I'LL GIVE HIM A LETHAL DOSE OF OL' SPARKY!



I'LL SLICE HIM! I'LL DICE HIM! I'LL--

EXCUSE ME, MISTER JOKER...IF I MAY CALL YOU THAT, OH PRINCE OF CLOWNS AND ACE OF KNAVES.



BUT ANYONE WHO LOGS ONTO DC MESSAGE BOARDS KNOWS THAT MULTI-MAN CANNOT DIE IN THE TRADITIONAL SENSE.

HE'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MISTER J.

I'VE GOT MORE LIVES THAN A MULTI-KITTY-KAT!



AND IF SAID SUPER-VILLAIN IS IMMORTAL THROUGH AND THROUGH, I ASK YOU...

WOOP!

WHERE'S THE SENSE OF SPOILER-NECESSITATING MENACE?

WHERE'S THE--



I GOT YER "MENACE" RIGHT HERE, BUNKY.

NOW, IF I MAY BEGIN AGAIN, COLLECTORS AND CONNOISSEURS--

GLRKL!

--BUY THIS BOOK OR I'LL KILL THIS FAN!



AL
DEFAULT H:

HAIR:

THE UNKNOWN:

assistant

the

of

so-

still

in

a

return

life.

As

his

nemeses. W

a

of

returned to

the

of

MULTI-MAN

WORM FOOD

writer: JERRY ORDWAY

penciller: PETER KRAUSE • inker: DICK GIORDANO

letterer: JOHN COSTANZA • colorist: TOM McCRAW

FAWCETT AREA TECHNICAL
COLLEGE.

THE MOLECULAR
SCRAMBLER WE BUILT
FOR THE MARVELS DID
THE TRICK. MISTER
MIND IS DEAD. *

TAKE A BOW,
BOYS AND GIRL.
YOU HELPED
SAVE THE
PLANET.

* AS SEEN IN POWER
OF SHAZAM #41!
DUST IT OFF,
SHAZAMOPHILE!

THIS DRONE WORM IS NO
LONGER A THREAT...

...BUT IT BELONGS
IN THE DEEP FREEZE,
UNTIL ONE OF THE
MARVELS RETURNS TO
CLAIM IT. FRANCIS?

I'LL TAKE
IT, PROFESSOR
BIBBOWSKI. MY
NEXT CLASS
IS IN THAT
DIRECTION.

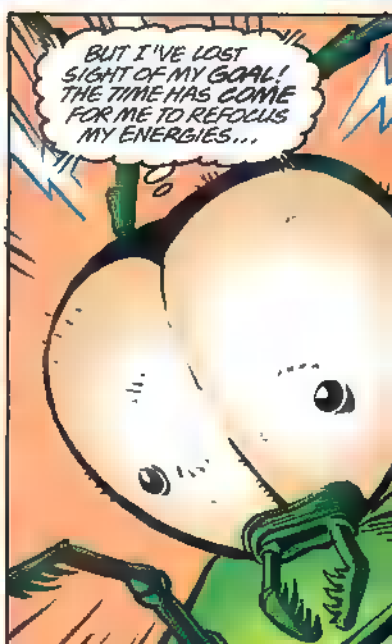
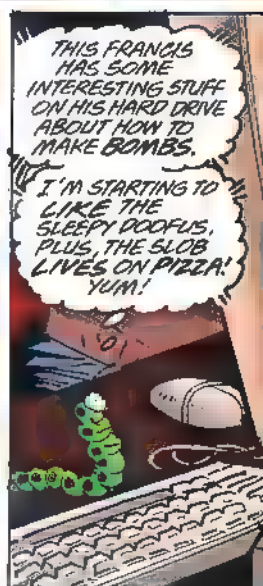
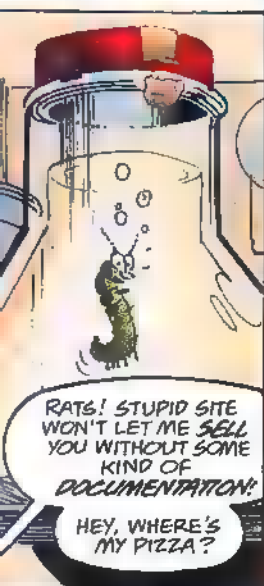
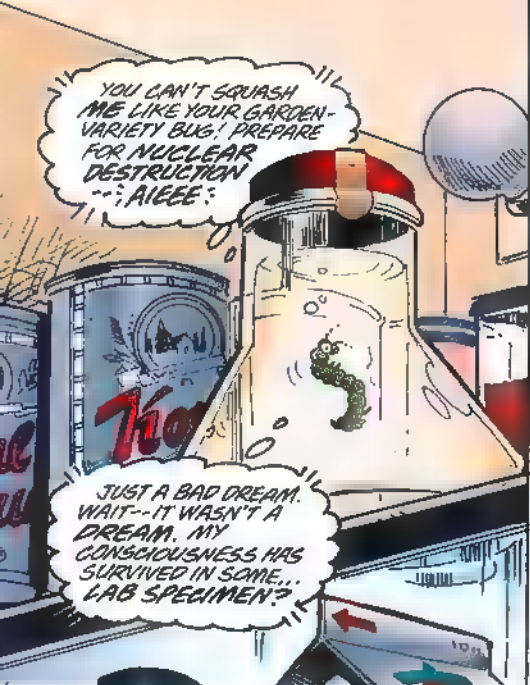
THAT'S IT?
THAT'S ALL THE
THANKS WE
GET?

FREAKIN'
CAPTAIN MARVELS
GET TO CHOW
DOWN WITH THE
PRESIDENT.
I'LL BET!

WE FIGURED OUT
HOW TO BRING THAT
VENUSIAN WORM
DOWN, BUT WE'RE
ALL SWORN TO
SECRECY!

WELL, FORGET
THE SCHOOL
FREEZER--I'M
TAKING A
SOUVENIR!
MAYBE I CAN
GET SOME
MONEY FOR
IT ONLINE!

PROF SAID
IT'S NOT
DANGEROUS
OR ANYTHING.





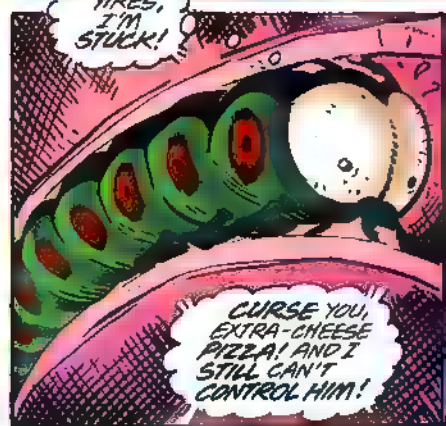
PUT THAT DOWN,
AND COME TO ME,
MEAT!

GEEZ, CLEAN
YOUR EARS NOW
AND THEN, WHY
DON'T YOU?

COME TO ME, I
COMMAND YOU! ; SIGH:
OH, HECK--YOU'RE FORCING
ME TO DO THIS THE
DISGUSTING WAY,
AREN'T YOU?



YIKES,
I'M
STUCK!



CURSE YOU,
EXTRA-CHEESE
PIZZA! AND I
STILL CAN'T
CONTROL HIM!



HEY, WHAT'S
WITH THE
EXPLOSIVES?

I'M GOING TO
DO IT-- I'LL
MAKE THEM
NOTICE ME!

BLOWING
MYSELF UP
ALONG WITH
THE WHOLE
SCIENCE
WING WILL
PUT ME ON
THE MAP!

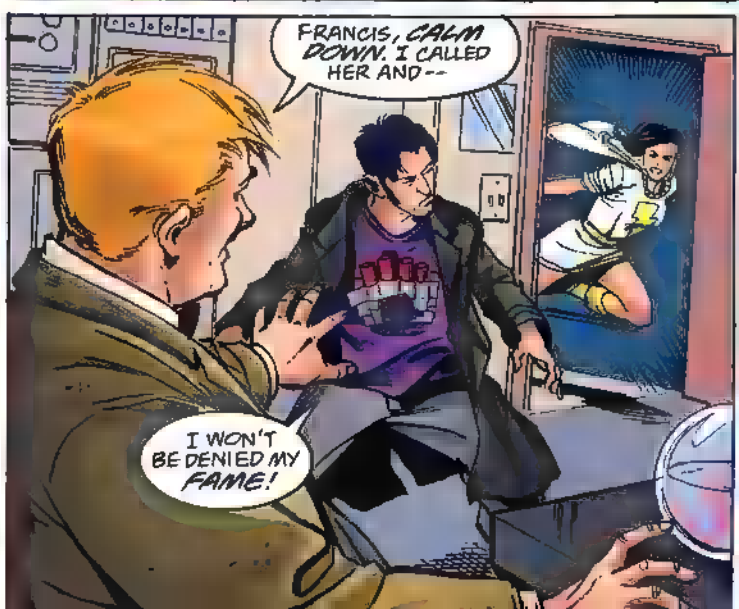
WHAT
KIND OF
A MORON
BLOWS
HIMSELF
UP? I'M
TOO
YOUNG
TO DIE!



SHUT UP
CONSCIENCE!

CONSCIENCE?
OKAY--TELL THEM
YOU WANT CAPTAIN
MARVEL TO PUBLICLY
APOLOGIZE FOR
KILLING ME--UH,
WAIT...

UH, I HAVE A BOMB,
PROFESSOR, AND I WANT,
UH, CAPTAIN MARVEL, TO
UM, COME AND KILL
ME...



FRANCIS, CALM
DOWN. I CALLED
HER AND--

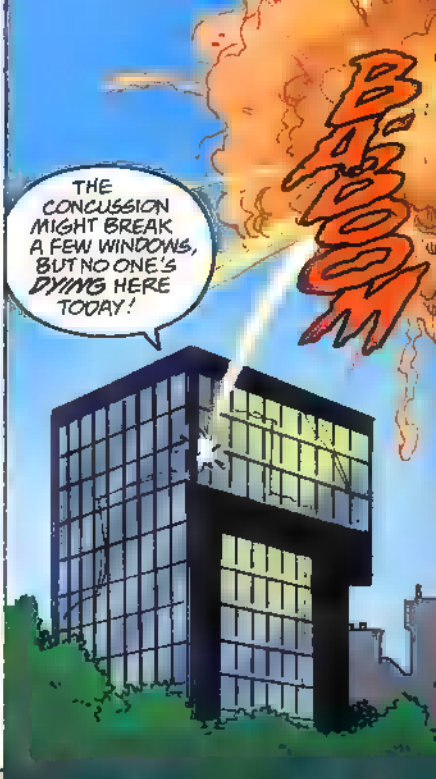
I WON'T
BE DENIED MY
FAME!



TOO LATE, MARVEL! WE ALL BLOW UP NOW!

NO, YOU DOLT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE AGAIN!

YOU'RE MOVING IN SLOW MOTION, THANKS TO THE SPEED OF MERCURY!



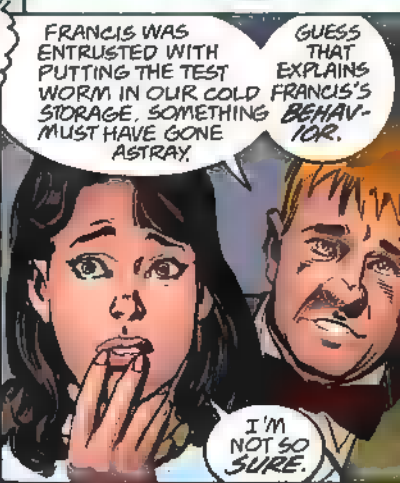
THE CONCUSSION MIGHT BREAK A FEW WINDOWS, BUT NO ONE'S DYING HERE TODAY!

BOOM



WITH YOUR VAUNTED POWERS, I PRAY YOU CAN HEAR ME, CAPTAIN, YOU JUST SAVED MY VENUSIAN GARDASS!

MR. MIND?! BUT YOU'RE DEAD!



FRANCIS WAS ENTRUSTED WITH PUTTING THE TEST WORM IN OUR COLD FRANCIS'S STORAGE, SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

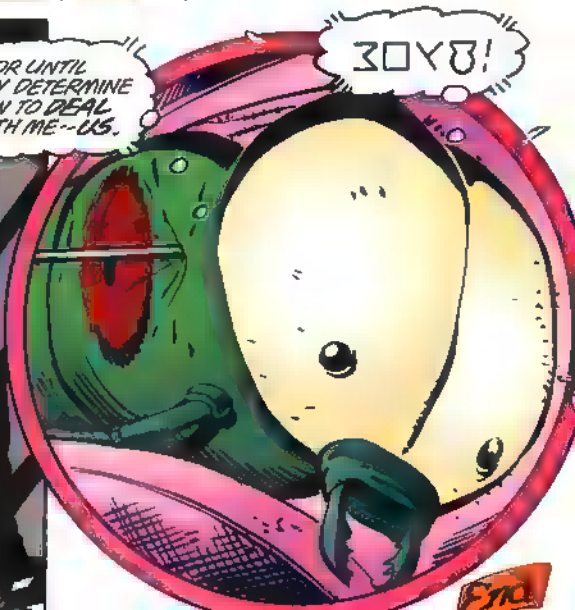
GUESS THAT EXPLAINS BEHAVIOR.

I'M NOT SO SURE.



AND SO, HERE I SIT, IN THIS EAR CANAL, FED LIQUID NUTRIENTS MEANT TO KEEP ME STUCK FOREVER...

...OR UNTIL THEY DETERMINE HOW TO DEAL WITH ME--US.



BOOM!



Tanner

ry

WT: 101

HAIR:

#62

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LEATHER

HELLO, I'M
DAN DAN THE
SCIENCE
MAN...

...AND
THIS IS MY
ASSISTANT,
VINCENT.

AND IT'S
TIME FOR THE

SCIENCE FUN FACT OF THE DAY!

EVER WONDER HOW THE JOKER
MAKES HIS MAYHEM? WELL
TODAY, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU
THE EXCLUSIVE RECIPE FOR HIS
DEADLY JOKER GAS, SO YOU CAN
MAKE SOME OF YOUR OWN!



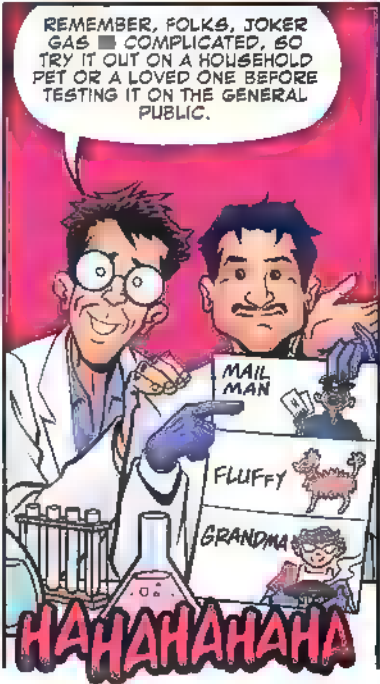
'SCUSE
ME, MA'AM,
COULD
YOU TAKE
OFF YOUR
CHAPEAU?!



SIZZLE!



REMEMBER, FOLKS, JOKER
GAS ■ COMPLICATED, SO
TRY IT OUT ON A HOUSEHOLD
PET OR A LOVED ONE BEFORE
TESTING IT ON THE GENERAL
PUBLIC.



THE SAME INGREDIENTS THAT ARE USED TO MAKE JOKER GAS CAN BE USED TO MAKE JOKER SERUM AND EVEN JOKER FOOD COLORING FOR DECORATING EASTER EGGS OR BIRTHDAY CAKES.



FIRST YOU NEED A BOTTLE OF PLAIN OLD **CENSORED** FROM THE GROCERY STORE. YOU CAN FIND IT IN THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER AISLE.

NEXT ■ A BAG OF **CENSORED**. YOU CAN FIND T ■ IN THE FROZEN FOODS SECTION.

FROM THE HARDWARE STORE WE GET A BOTTLE OF CONCENTRATED **CENSORED**. YOU CAN FIND THIS WITH THE OTHER PESTICIDES.



ALSO FROM THE HARDWARE STORE IS A BAG OF PRE-CHIPPED **CENSORED**, EITHER MESQUITE OR HICKORY WILL DO.

AT THIS POINT YOU SHOULD BE ALMOST READY TO GO. I SUGGEST USING A MIXER...



...YOU SMELL SOMETHING?

WE GO TO THE PHARMACY FOR THESE LAST ITEMS...



Whizzzk...
bubble bubble
brew brew

YOU'LL NEED A PRESCRIPTION FOR MEDICAL GRADE **CENSORED**, BUT YOU CAN SUBSTITUTE BY BUYING FOUR BOTTLES OF **CENSORED** AND GRINDING THEM INTO POWDER.



BLEND
BLEND

LAST YOU'LL NEED TEN DROPS OF **CENSORED**. WHEN COMBINING THESE MATERIALS THERE'S A CHANCE FOR AN EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL REACTION. ■ WEAR YOUR SAFETY GOGGLES.



BLEND
BLEND
BANG!

HA HA WAAA



REMEMBER, FOLKS, IF YOU'RE GONNA KILL SOMEONE... SAFETY ■ ST.

END

MEATHEAD

REAL NAME: Buckley Mellon
OCCUPATION: Mob Enforcer
CITY OF ORIGIN: Blüdhaven
HT: 6' 5" **WT:** 320 lbs.
EYES: Pink **HAIR:** None
FIRST APPEARANCE: NIGHTWING #62 (December, 2001)

Buckley Mellon's criminal career goes back to his juvenile days in the Willeford Park section of Blüdhaven. While on a work release from Lockhaven Prison, Buckley worked for the Tastylinks Sausage Company. It was here that he ingested an experimental "cocktail" of genetic material and hormones intended for meat-producing livestock. This resulted in a horrifying transformation that altered Mellon's form in an amazing (and repulsive) way. His body appears to be composed of meat.

An examination by doctors at Drexel Labs confirms that Mellon's entire physiology is made from living tissue that mimics the properties of ground pork. He is virtually indestructible, as each part of his body functions independently from the rest. His metabolism allows him to repair any damage done to him without any evident discomfort or incapacitation.

Before being incarcerated in The Slab, Mellon was working for "Lunchmeat" Deever, a former mob boss — and famed "removals" expert in the Blüdhaven underworld — now under federal protection.



CARNIVORA

REAL NAME: Unknown
OCCUPATION: Soldier
BASE OF OPERATIONS: Unknown (possibly alien planet as yet unnamed)
HT: 5' 10"
WT: 160 lbs.
EYES: White
HAIR: Deep Purple
FIRST KNOWN APPEARANCE: JOKER: LAST LAUGH #4 (December, 2001)

Carnivora (as she now calls herself) seems to have been part of what was to be a scouting force for an alien invasion. She is the lone survivor of that force after its ship was destroyed in deep space in an asteroid field. Whether or not Earth was the intended target of her planet's wrath is unknown, even to Carnivora herself.

An extraterrestrial being of tremendous physical strength and endurance, Carnivora not only vanquishes her enemies, she consumes them. This tendency was the reason that Power Girl — who subdued her and incarcerated her in The Slab — gave her the nickname Carnivora.

It is the considered opinion of xeno-biologists at S.T.A.R. Labs that Carnivora and her species are not intelligent enough to have developed interstellar travel. Their theory is that she represents a subspecies of an alien race that bred her kind for combat and obedience. Carnivora has been less than cooperative in these studies, so all of this remains supposition.



RANCOR

REAL NAME: Todd Francis Oszechorski
OCCUPATION: Family Life Counselor
CITY OF ORIGIN: Huptown, MI
HT: 5' 4" WT: 102 lbs.
EYES: Brown HAIR: Very little
FIRST APPEARANCE: JOKER
LAST LAUGH #2 (December, 2001)



Todd Oszechorski's life was always turbulent. His parents murdered one another in a fit of inexplicable rage when he was an infant. Following that was a dizzying series of foster parents, youth homes and children's psych wards. Todd's "condition" has been described by one doctor as "the ability to be a sort of living emotional flashpoint ... bringing out the rage and latent feelings of loathing of anyone in his vicinity."

Todd's unusual abnormality, which he learned to control over the years, led him to a fascination with human emotion and its causes. He counseled families in jeopardy and behavioral turmoil at the Huptown Family Care Clinic until he was fired after several ugly incidents (three involving homicides within the facility's waiting room).

A lifetime of rejection led Todd to white-supremacist literature, where he found a home in a subculture that appreciated his ability to create unreasoning hatred.

Changing his name to Rancor, he became a kind of motivational speaker for hate groups all across the country. He was eventually charged with second-degree murder, inciting a riot and other crimes.

While imprisoned in Marion Federal Penitentiary, Rancor was the ringleader in a series of murders of guards and inmates of minority origin. He was then sentenced to life without parole in the Slab.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS
SLABSIDE ISLAND MAXIMUM SECURITY METAHUMAN PENITENTIARY
INMATE PROPERTY INVENTORY FORM

Page 13 of 78

Duffel Bag Security Seal Number 7843-871-11

Date April 1, 2001

Facility

Segregation Block (G-Level)

Alias: JOKER (Real Name Unknown) Inmate's DOC Number J-8080

Unauthorized/Excess Property (cont.):

"Joker-Mobile" (1) - custom green and purple funny-car w/ red trim.
Extras: Headlight-mounted Browning machine guns (firing mechanisms
removed), bulletproof bubble canopy, and 8-track tape player (w/ "The
Very Worst of Spike Jones" album stuck on PLAY in slot). Diesel fuel only.

Allowable Religious Objects/Symbols (See List on Back)

Dream Catcher (1) - Non-metal, no rigid plastics or bone.

Religious Literature (1) - "1,001 DIRTY LIMERICKS" Hardbound Volume
(NOT in accordance w/ Literary Review Committee Standards).

Tarot/Playing Cards (1 Deck) - All "The Fool" cards, 3" x 5" marked
with inmate's DOC number.

ITEM (QUANTITY)	DESCRIPTION	INSTRUCTIONS	LETHAL? (Y/N)
Tuxedo (1)	Purple/Pinstriped	Dry-Clean Only	N
Boutonniere (1)	Acid-Spraying Daisy	Handle w/ Care!	Y
Red Hood (1)	One-Way Ref. Lenses	Store Carefully	Uncertain
Joy-Buzzer (1)	Palm-Held; Metallic	High-Voltage/100K+	Y
Crowbar (1)	Iron; Blood-Stains?	Ship: FBI Forensics	Y
Silent Whistle	Marked "For Hyenas"	Disinfect & Bag	N
Fish (5)	Sea Bass/Grinning	Treat as Bio-Hazard	YES!
Gag Pistol (1)	Shoots "BANG!" Flag	2nd Shot Fires Spear	Y
Cigars (1 Box)	Havanas!/Exploding!	Bomb Squad Disposal	Sadly
Lingerie Photos	Fem./Jester Costume	Make Digital Scans	N/A

I REALIZE THAT I BRING ANY (AUTHORIZED) PERSONAL PROPERTY INTO THE FACILITY AT MY OWN RISK.

TRANSFER: The undersigned states this inventory includes all personal effects and property, including legal materials, and that he/she has not left any **authorized** personal property at (Facility) Arkham Asylum, and that all personal effects and property are undamaged.

J. Omama!

Why Not?

Sgt. Bradford Jessup

4/1/2001

Inmate Signature

Date

Inventory Officer

Date

NOTE:

Inmate J-8080 refused to sign paperwork in recognized alias.

I certify that above signature belongs to Inmate J-8080, alias
"The Joker."

-Sgt. B. Jessup 4/1/2001